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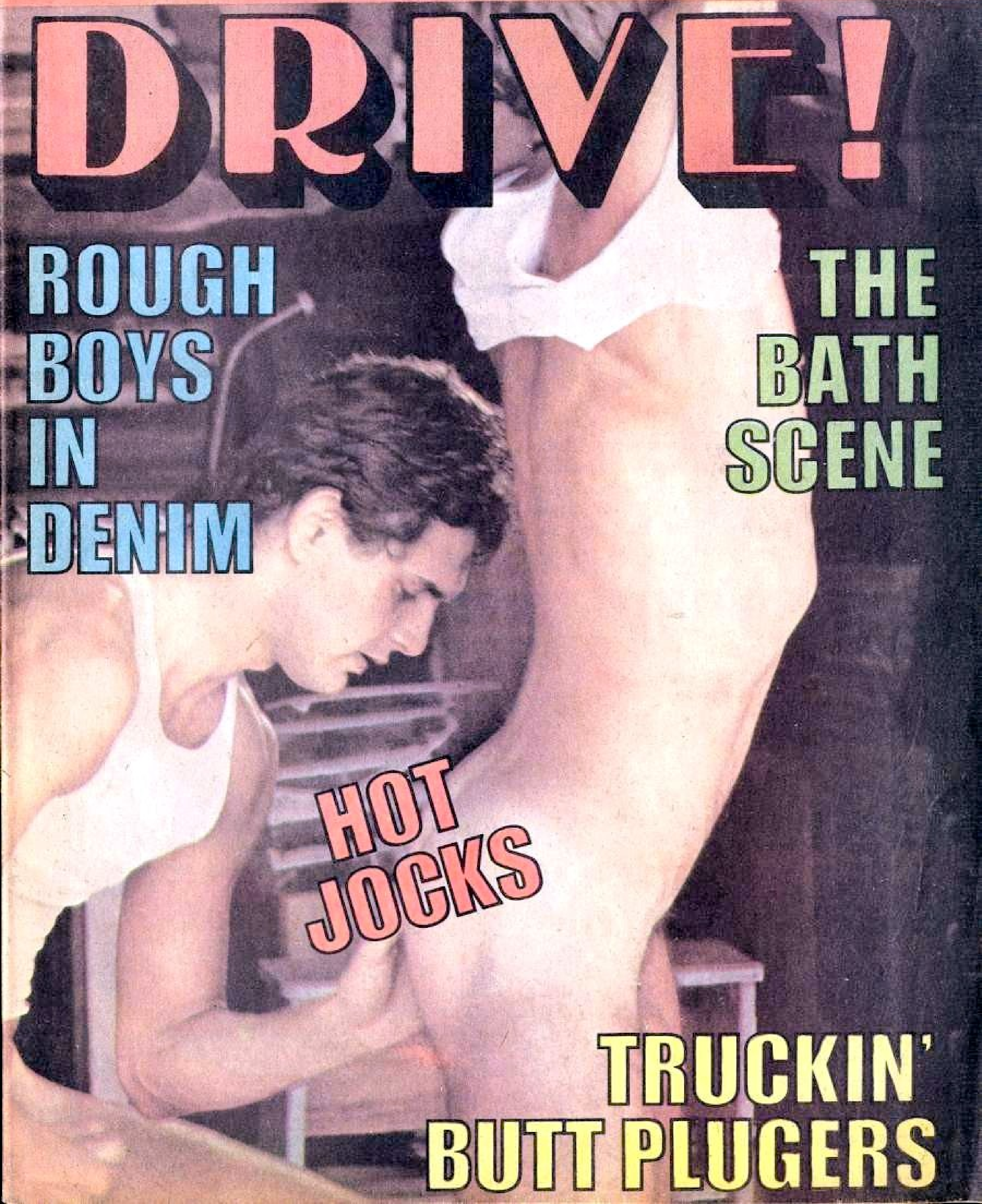


ROUGH BOYS IN DENIM

THE BATH SCENE

HOT JOCKS

TRUCKIN' BUTT PLUGERS

ROUGH BOYS IN DENIM

Stan Fried grunted as he hoisted the heavy box from the back of the loaded truck and deposited it on the loading platform. He was feeling particularly disgusted this morning. It was a Monday, and Mondays always depressed him a little. They reminded him of the futility of his job, of the boring nature of his life in Lornville.

Stan was seventeen, and a high school drop-out. He'd always hated school, the regimentation, the boring teachers, the stupid rules. He'd barely managed to pass on to the next grade each year. Not that he was stupid. Far from it. Part of his boredom was attributable to his higher than average intelligence.

It had seemed like a logical decision to make at the time. He was young, strong, and bright. Surely he would be able to find some way to make a living without going through another year of the torture of high school.

That had not been the way it had turned out. He had gone from employment agency to employment agency, filing application after application, only to have the interviewers frown at his lack of a high school diploma. It made no difference to them that his real educational attainments were far in advance of the average graduate. All that mattered was that damned piece of paper.

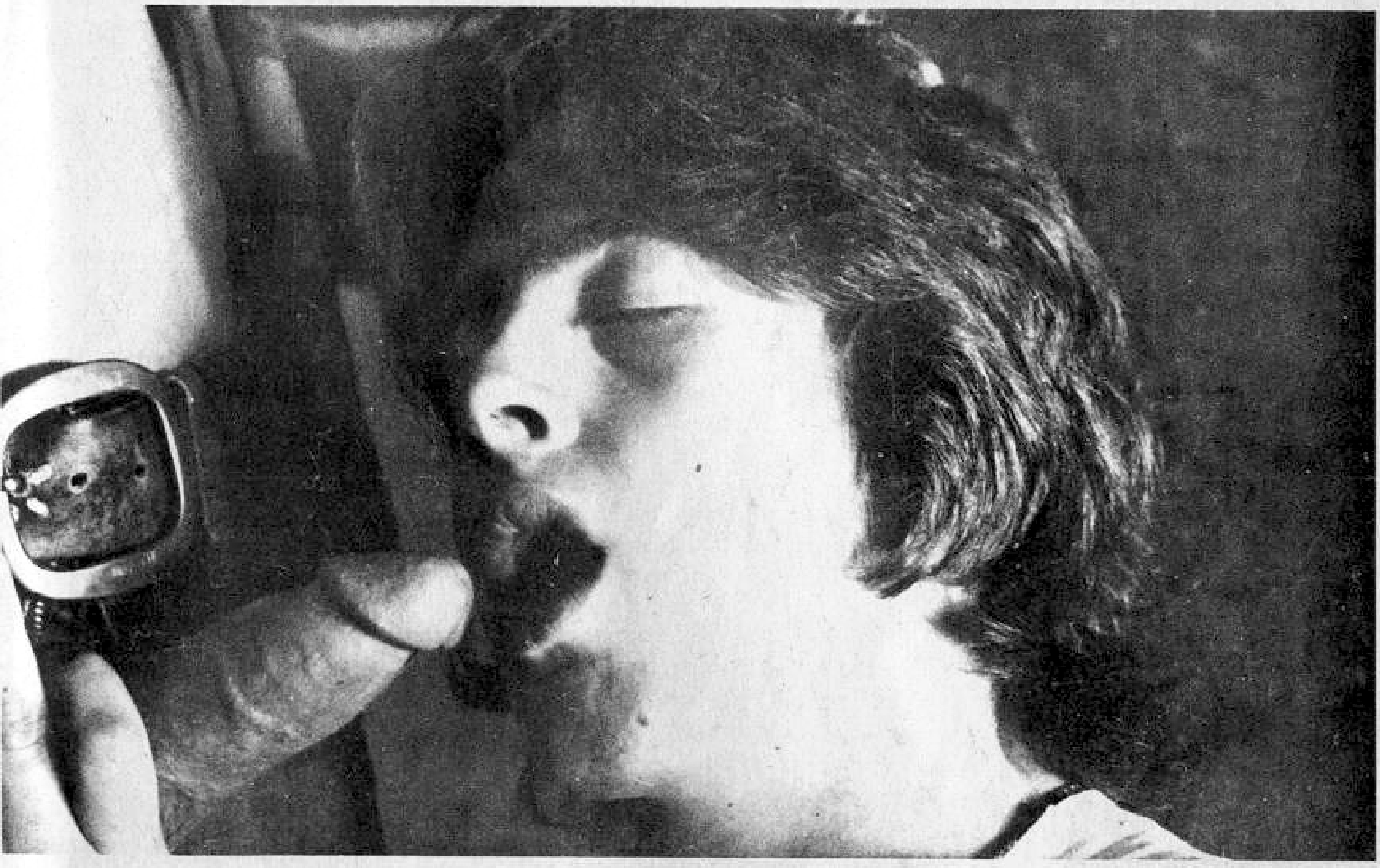
It had taken him almost three months to land the job he presently held, unloading trucks at a warehouse. All day he mechanically hoisted boxes from the bodies of semi-trailers and deposited them on the loading dock on large wooden skids. From there other employees would pick them up with hydraulic lifts and take them into the warehouse proper. His foreman had told him that, if he worked out on the loading dock, he could hope someday soon to be promoted to fork-lift operator. Big deal.

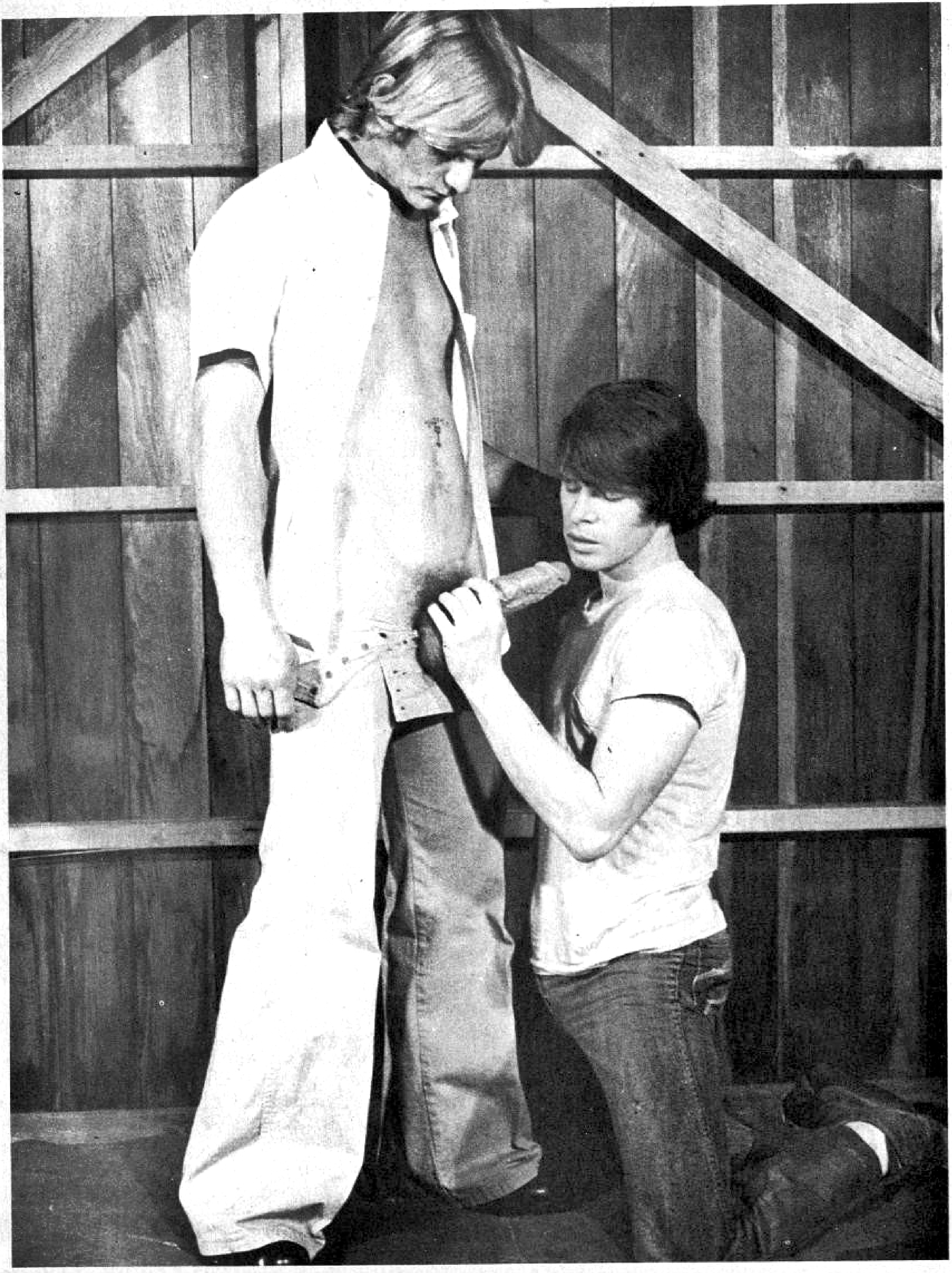
For his labors, Stan earned the princely sum of one hundred and eight dollars a week after taxes. This was just enough for him to pay the rent on his dingy room, eat at the local greasy spoon, and go out for a few beers on the weekends.

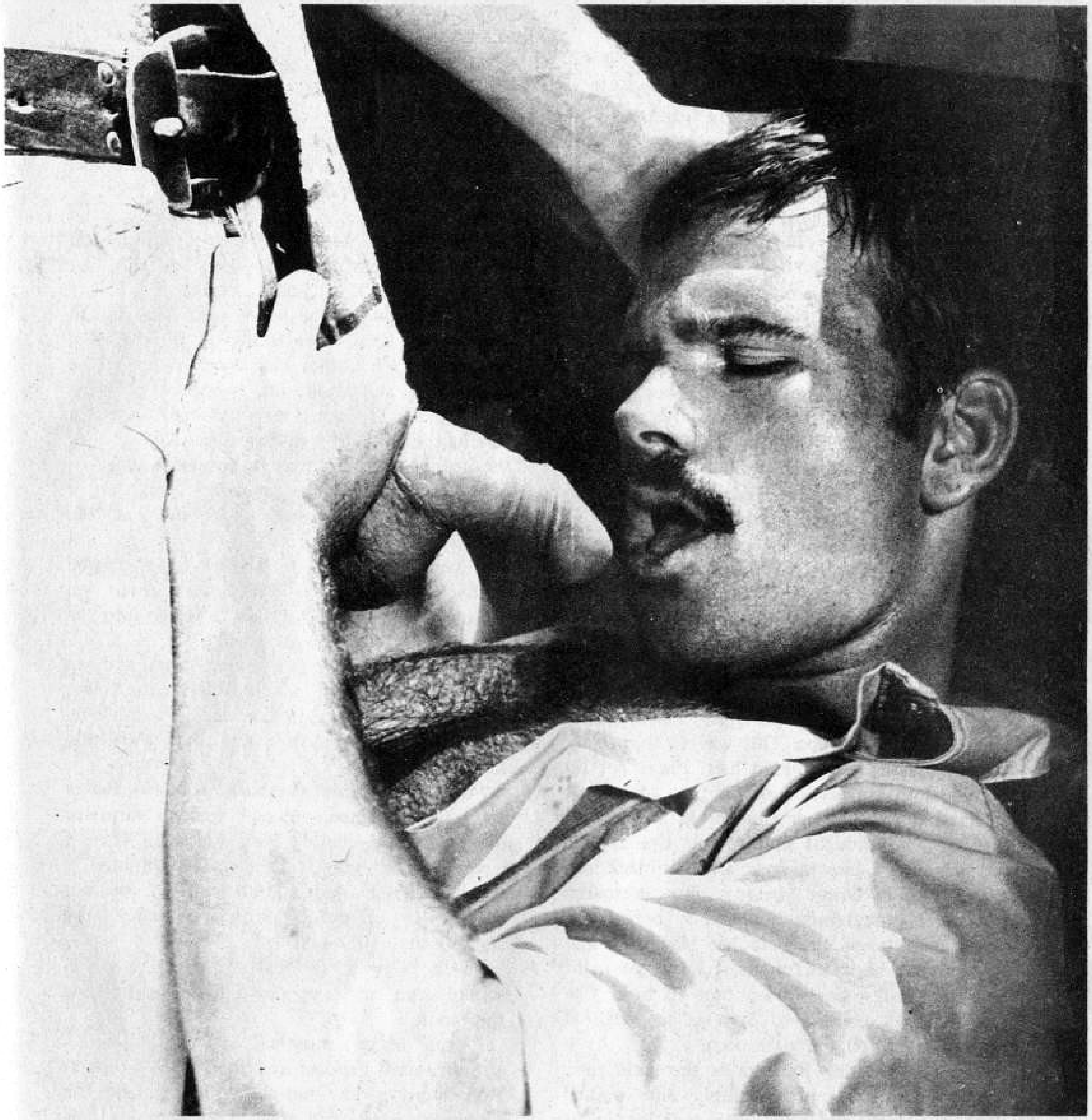
Now he thought back to the halcyon days of his schooling. Life had been so easy then by comparison. He yearned for the boredom of that time. But he couldn't go back now. His parents had thrown him out of the house because of his decision to drop out, and his father had been emphatic in his insistence that they would never take him back in until he had made something of himself to justify throwing away his education.

It had not been just the boredom, though, that had led to his decision. Stan had always felt like something of an outsider in school. For some reason, he had never been able to generate the sense of excitement in himself that the other boys felt when ogling the young girls in the school. He'd never gone out on dates, and, as a consequence, was almost never invited to parties by his schoolmates. He'd been a loner. In the locker room, he'd found himself staring at the naked bodies of his classmates, and had fought against the compulsion to reach out and touch their dangling cocks. He had stifled this urge within him, telling himself that it was nothing more than a manifestation of boredom. He was no queer! He was a normal young man, with a husky build, broad shoulders and powerful arms, an accomplished swimmer and gymnast, sports in which he did not have to rely on team-mates.

Stan straightened up and sighed in relief as he heard the loud tone of the lunch whistle. He usually took his lunch alone in a bar down the street. He was tall and mature-looking for his age, and was never asked for ID wherever he went. He walked on to the loading dock and into the warehouse, headed for the







washroom. He walked slowly, hoping that the other men would have finished washing up before he got there. He liked to be alone as much as possible.

There was only one man in the room when Stan entered. It was Rod Crane, the foreman of the loading dock crew. He smiled when Stan came in.

"Hi, kid," he said, despite the fact that he was only three years older than Stan.

Stan mumbled a reply and stood at one of the sinks. He depressed the plunger on the soap dispenser and lathered his grimy hands.

"Hey, Stan," Rod continued, ignoring the snub, "where do you usually go for lunch?"

Stan turned to look at the other man. Rod was smiling at him with an open expression of friendship. For some reason, Stan felt a sudden rush of warm feeling for the man. Rod was a fair foreman, and seemed pleased with Stan's work.

"Oh, I usually go to the Dew Drop Inn down the street for a sandwich and a beer."

"Got something going with that barmaid, Patty?" the older man said with a wink.

Stan blushed and shook his head

emphatically.

"Hey, no offense, kid," Rod said hurriedly. "I was just wonderin' if maybe you'd like to come up to my place for lunch. I live just on the next block, and I've got a big pot of chili that I couldn't finish last night. All I've to to do is heat it up. There's plenty for two, and I've got an ice cold six-pack in the refrigerator."

Stan thought for a moment. The idea was curiously appealing. The past months without any human companionship had been difficult for him. He couldn't explain what it was that made him shun the company of others, but it disturbed him sometimes, particularly on those lonely nights when he sat in his run-down rooming house, reading and listening to the radio. He smiled shyly at Rod.

"All right. That sounds pretty good."

"Great!" Rod replied. "Tell you what. You finish washing up and I'll meet you at the main gate in five minutes."

Stan looked at himself in the mirror as the other man exited from the washroom. He was not displeased at what he saw. He had high cheekbones, and a well-formed aquiline nose. His eyes were a deep blue. He had a strong chin and full bow lips. This was all topped by a head of long wavy blond hair. His upper lip bore just the suggestion of his first adolescent attempt at raising a moustache. As he combed his hair, he thought about Rod Crane. The foreman was a brawny man with jet-black hair and a full bushy beard. His muscular, somewhat threatening appearance belied the basid gentility of his character. Maybe he and Rod would become friends, go out at night and have a few beers from time to time. The prospect was exciting to Stan as he pocketed his comb and left the washroom.

Rod was waiting for him at the main gate. They fell into step wordlessly and walked down the dusty street together, each lost in his own thoughts.

Rod's apartment was a block from the warehouse, in an aging building with a wood facade from which the paint was peeling. They climbed two flights of rickety wood steps and stopped in front of a door with a nameplate bearing the foreman's name.

"Well, here we are, kid," Rod said as he unlocked the door and held it open for Stan. The blonde youth stepped in and looked around the apartment.

It was a medium-sized studio. He could see a small kitchenette, but no sign of a bedroom. He supposed that the couch against the wall folded out into a bed. It was the typically sloppy abode of a young bachelor, newspapers strewn on the floor,empty glasses on the coffee table, overflowing ashtrays.

Rod seemed to read his mind. "Don't mind the mess, kid," he said. "I'm not the greatest housekeeper in the world. Come on into the kitchen and we'll get you a beer."

Stan followed the man into the small kitchenette. They were forced to stand almost touching each other as Rod opened the refrigerator and took out two cans of beer, handing one to Stan. Their hips brushed as the foreman turned to light the flame on one of the burners of the stove, on which a large pot of chili was already standing. Stan felt a strange tingling through his body at the contact.

"There," Rod said as he turned and smiled at the younger boy. "That'll take about ten minutes to heat up. Why don't we go into the other room and relax for a while?"

They walked into the living room and sat side by side on the couch. Rod reached over and flicked on a radio that sat on a table by the couch, and the room was filled with loud rock music.

"You know, kid," the burly youth said after a brief silence, "you really surprised me." "How's that?" Stan replied. "Well, I never thought you'd cut the mustard out on the dock. You've got a good build on you, but that job is pure murder. You've got a lot more stamina than I thought."

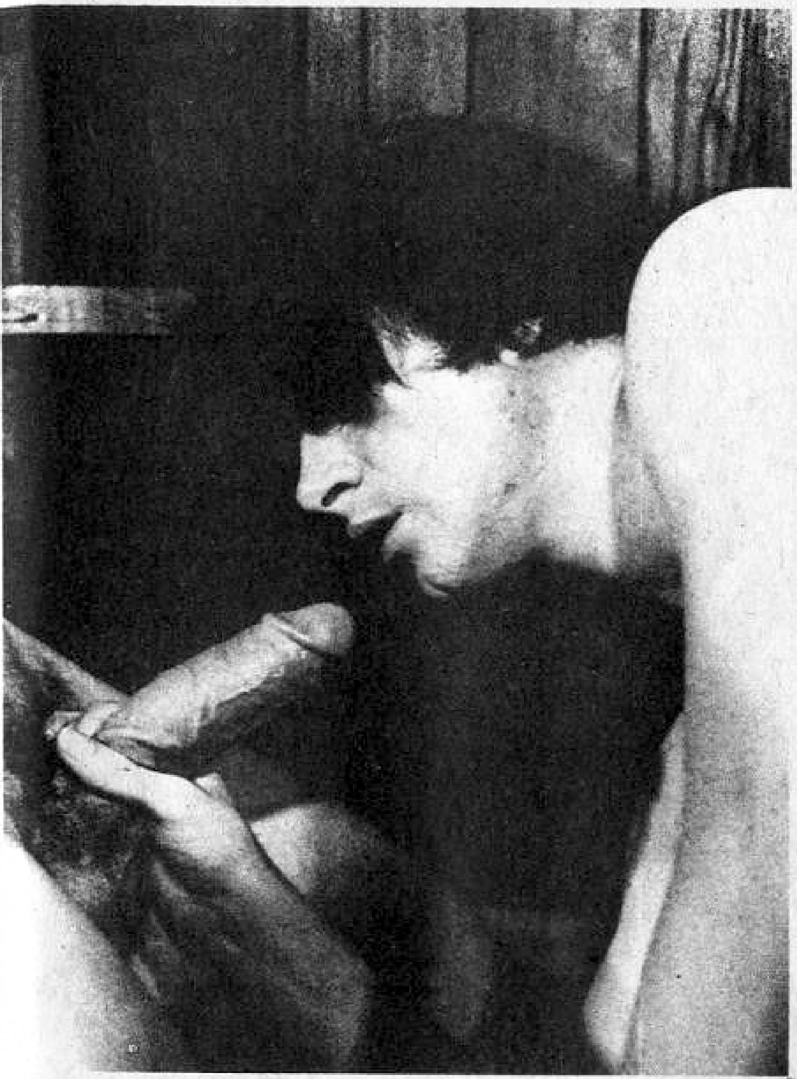
"Well, I was on the swimming team in school, and my arms are a lot stronger than they look."

"Yeah? Make a muscle."

Stan raised his arm and flexed his biceps as Rod encircled the muscle with his hand. He squeezed hard and felt the firmness. He whistled as Stan relaxed the muscle. But he didn't take his hand away.

Stan turned and looked into Rod's dark eyes. They were shining with some emotion that the blond youth couldn't identify. Rod's hand began to move up over Stan's shoulder, trailing down his lean, muscualr chest and hard stomach. Stan gasped in shock and outrage as the foreman's hand came to rest in his crotch, cupping his cock through the material of his jeans.

"Your arms aren't the only place you've got



well-developed muscles, kid," the foreman grinned.

Stan was confused. He knew he should push the man's hand away and run from the apartment, maybe even slug Rod. But, at the same time, he felt a thrill of sexual excitement run through his body. His cock began to swell and throb in his pants, making a bulge along his husky thigh. He decided to see what would happen next.

What happened next was that Rod unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned the top of his jeans, and pulled down his zipper. Stan gasped as Rod's powerful hand snaked under the waistband of his undershorts and closed on his now-erect organ.

Rod pulled the pulsing cock from Stan's pants and studied it. It was a good nine inches long, thick and strong, jutting up from the youth's groin. The head was swollen and purple. With his great strength, Rod had no difficulty lifting Stan's hips from the couch and sliding his jeans and undershorts down to his knees.

Stan was in a state of near shock. He was no queer! Then why was he not resisting this man's obscene advances? Why did he feel this thrill of excitement as Rod cupped the sack of his balls in the palm of his hand and squeezed gently.

Rod looked deeply into Stan's eyes and saw the tortured questions reflected. He'd been right. The boy was a virgin, torn by his desires, stifling them and avoiding the company of others to keep from having to face them. He smile reassuringly and lowered his head to the young man's throbbing manhood.

Stan groaned as he felt the head of his cock enveloped in Rod's hot mouth. The older man pursed his lips firmly around the organ and began to suck lightly. He ran one hand up Stan's thigh into his groin and played with the youth's balls as he commenced to fellate him.

Stan's mind was a maelstrom of indecision. On the one hand he knew that he was participating in an act that violated the strongest tabus of his culture. But, on the other he couldn't muster the strength to deny the yearning in his loins, the delight he felt as the older man sucked gently on his inflamed cock. He moaned in mixed misery and ecstasy as his hips bucked upward of their own accord, driving the head of his cock against the back of Rod's throat.

Rod felt a flush of self-satisfaction at the boy's movement. He'd been right. This young man was a born gay, ripe for the plucking, and Rod intended to introduce him to the joys of masculine love.

Stan moaned in his lust as he felt Rod's tongue sweep around his shaft. It moved back and ran along the cord of nervous tissue on the underside of the swollen head. His hips began to squirm back and forth on the couch, running his cock in and out of the bearded man's lips.

Rod increased the power of his suction as he felt Stan respond strongly to the stimulation. He revelled in the taste of the boy's cock. His own member was rock-hard, threatening to rip through the heavy fabric of his work pants. Without removing his mouth from Stan's cock, he moved his body off the couch and knelt between the boy's legs. He moved his hands down and in a trice had his own pants and underwear down around his knees. His ock sprang forth with a life of its own, and he encircled it with one massive hand and began to pump it up and down in time to his rhythmic sucking on the younger man's cock.

Stan could feel his balls aching, begging to let loose with his heavy load of hot come. He tried to pull the other man's head from his groin, but Rod resisted, only increasing his suction as he felt the first spasms of Stan's orgasm shooting up the shaft. He sucked and licked hungrily as great spurts of jism shot from the slit in the head of Stan's cock and flooded his mouth. He swallowed frantically, trying to swallow every drop. A little of it oozed from his lips and dripped down the pulsing shaft of Stan's prick to mat in his blond pubic hair, but the burly foreman managed to take most of it, and he savored the rich salty flavor of the come.

Slowly, Rod let Stan's cock slide from his mouth. It still stood erect, jutting up from his loins, the the older man bestowed a tender kiss to the head, wet and oily with a combination of saliva and come.

Rod straightened slowly, standing right in front of the dazed youth. His hand was still pumping on his thick cock. Stan could see the livid head as it coursed back and forth between the foreman's fingers. The slit seemed to be winking at him as it opened and closed in response to the pressure of Rod's hand. The older man stepped back then, and pumped furiously as great geysers of hot come shot from his throbbing organ and arced out from it

to fall to the floor of the living room.

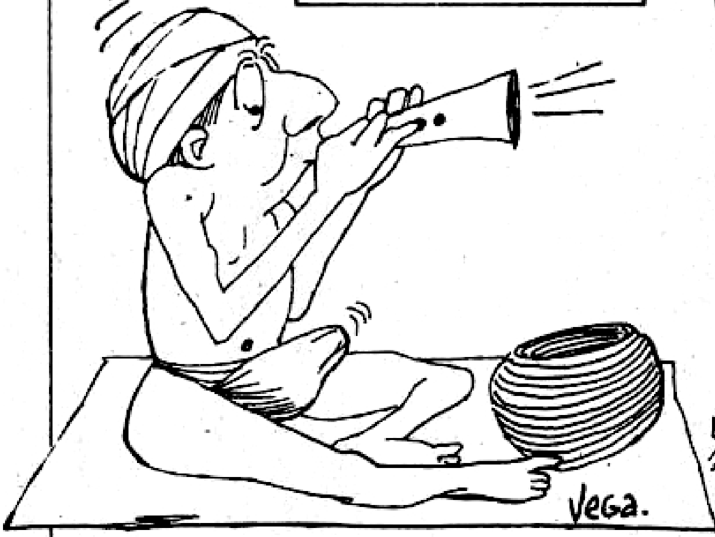
Stan didn't know what to think. His cock lay exposed, limp now, nestled against the sack of his balls. He watched as Rod gave his cock a few more jerks to pump out the last drops of his ejaculate. Then the burly foreman pushed the half-erect member against his thigh and slowly shrink as Rod's cock softened.

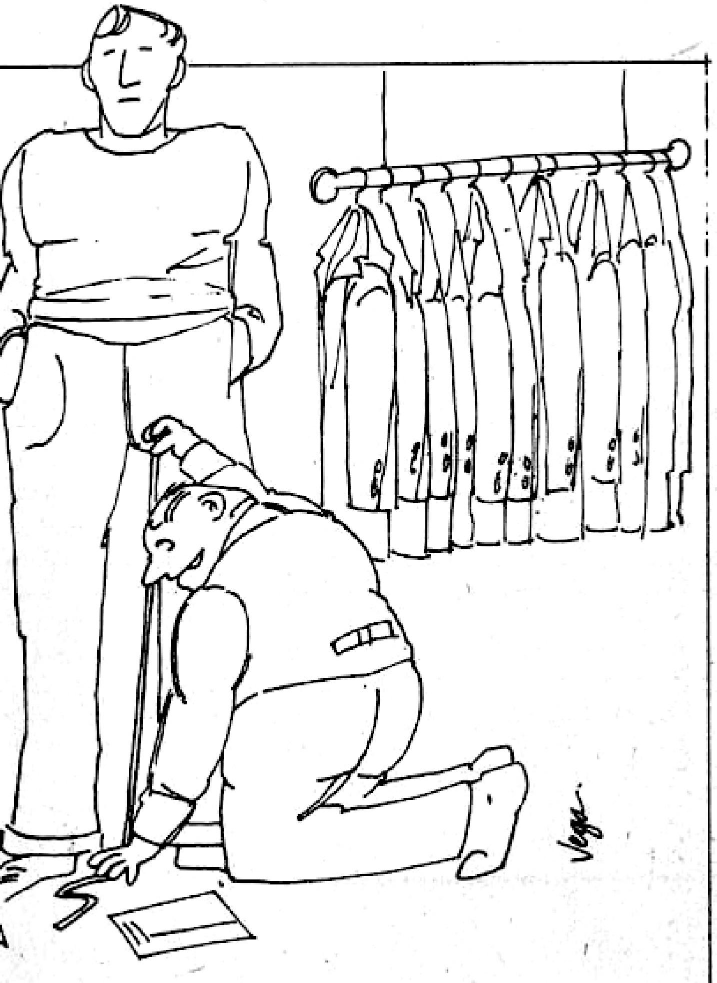
Without saying anything more, Rod walked into the kitchen and came back with several damp paper towels. Stan was still too dazed to speak as the older man leaned over him and tenderly mopped up the come from his pubic hair and thighs. The he knelt and cleaned up the evidence of his own orgasm from the floor.

Two obvious gays were eating at a new restaurant. They found the salad especially tasty and decided to order another round.

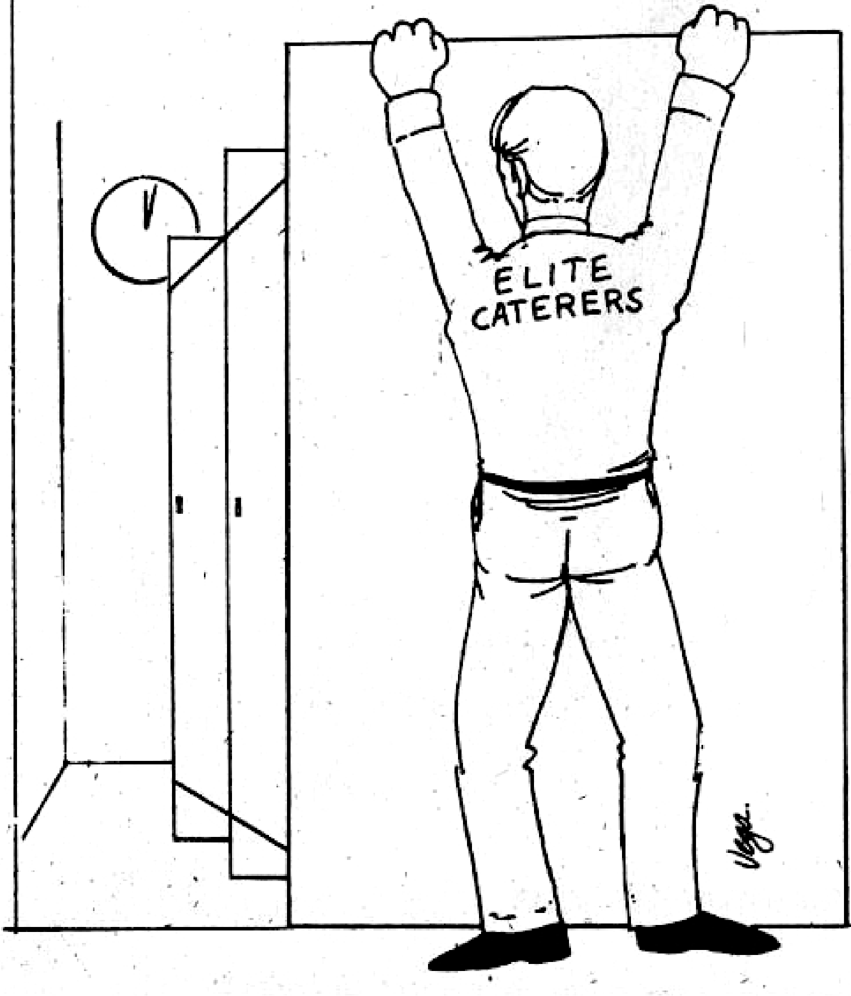
The waiter took their order and called out to the cook, "Come again on two salads, Frank."

One gay turned to his friend across the table and shrieked, "See, I told you the flavor was in the dressing!" ●





"9 INCHES—I MEAN 31."



An English fellow, visiting America for the first time, was taken to a baseball game by his host. The first player up to bat hit a single and dashed quickly to first base. The next batter hit a short double. The man on first base ran swiftly to third, and the double-hitter almost broke his neck to get to second. The third man up to bat was walked to fill the bases, and he took his good time getting to first. The Britisher asked, "Why does he walk so slowly when the others ran so hard?"

Without thinking, his friend replied, "Because he got four balls."

The Englishman was silent for a moment and then said, "I say! That would tend to slow him down a bit, wouldn't it?" ●

Two gays went into a small hamburger restaurant for lunch. One was quite shocked to see the cook, who was shirtless, forming the meat patties under his armpit.

"Did you see that?" he asked in disbelief. "How disgusting!"

"I admit it is," his friend replied, "but I just love to come in in the mornings and watch him prepare the donuts." ●

THE BATH SCENE: CAN YOU DIG IT?

Being a writer of soft pornographic novels, I'm constantly aware of the desire of certain people or groups of people to force their own morals upon others and condemn those who are different. The heterosexual society has consistently condemned sexual minorities, among others, insisting that a man who prefers men is sick until he can be persuaded to transfer his desires into the proper channel—that channel preferably running inward between some woman's thighs.

I've never been able to really understand this type of reasoning anymore than I have been able to determine the reasoning used by those homosexuals who condemn their own brothers because of differing sexual mores within the total homosexual scene. Of course, there are extremes even I don't condone, such as the rape or seduction of children, or sex with the dead; but, I'm not talking about these now. I'm talking about perfectly enjoyable avenues of sexual release that are usually detrimental to no one: i.e. the steam baths.

I'm always surprised at how many people within the gay community look with such horror on the bath scene. I've heard arguments against the baths that range from disease being rampant there to its being so impersonal, with its sex so completely devoid of any sharing except the purely physical, that you might as well jack-off.

So what? Are any of those arguments really valid enough to make the bath scene more abhorrent than other avenues of homosexual release? The bars probably have just as many assholes and pricks swimming with VD as the baths. Is having a hand, concealed in the steam and pumping you to release, anymore impersonal than sticking your cock into one of those vacuum tubes that mechanically suck you to climax? Is a steam room anymore devoid of emotional sharing than dropping your pants in the back room of some bar and offering up your rosy

Many gays condemn the bath scene for reasons ranging from rampant disease to impersonal sex.

red to the first hard cock that can find it?

Of course, there will be some who will argue that many comparisons aren't really fair. They'll point out, and probably logically so, that the same people who are down on the bath scene are also down on sex machines and back rooms. My answer is that I don't so much mind these people being down on anything just as long as they don't try to convince me and others that what I'm personally enjoying is a perversion.

I've had people tell me that the bars are social while the baths are disgustingly business. I took that to mean that you did a lot of game playing in the bars while you got more quickly down to brass tacks in the steam room. What, I wonder, do some people have against getting down to sex immediately and with little preliminaries? I would say that I found it inconceivable that anyone with a hard cock and cum-bulged nuts would insist on some sort of emotional involvement before eruption, but I personally know too many people for which this is true. In this modern day and age, I can still find homosexuals who think it's dirty to jack-off and even dirtier to let strange hands touch them if the person they're with hasn't at least pretended that he's interested in a person and not just a hard cock. I've never been able to fathom just what an acceptance of me as a person has to do with the acceptance of my hard cock or a load of my hot spunk.

If you're after personal involvement, stay away from the baths! I've heard of lasting affairs beginning there, but I can assure you, they're in the minority.

The baths usually pull in an entirely different crowd than the bars. I've found this particularly true in areas where the baths aren't conveniently located in geographic proximity to a gay bar or gay bars. (Where the latter is the case, there will often be a duplication of bar and bath clientele if only because those who leave the bars at closing will find it more convenient to sober up at the baths than at home.)

People who go to the baths are basically there for one reason. They're not there to drink (booze is not usually allowed on the premises), they're not there just to sweat out all the dirt and grime in their pores, they're not there just to socialize and chat with friends (that's what you do at the bars). They all paid money for the privilege of stripping off their clothes, putting themselves on display, and seeing what others have to offer. There are few other places where you can get such a detailed look at the merchandise before you make a commitment to sample it. You don't hide much in the shower room beneath a shielding of hastily worked-up lather, and you certainly don't hide much beneath the towel that's wrapping your middle. That's not to say that you can't hide it if that's your bag: for such concealment, there's always the steam room.

What kind of people go to the baths? People like me. People who are tired of game playing. People who don't want any emotional involvement: either because they long ago determined they couldn't adequately cope with it, or because they are married (to another man or a woman), or because they haven't yet accepted their own homosexuality. People who are horny and want their rocks off in the quickest way possible. People who don't look upon sex as anything but a sensuous experience unhindered by the sharing of just bodies and hot sperm. People who want to see what's sucking their cock or what kind of a cock they're sucking. People who don't care what cock takes them in the hazy steam just as long as it's big and hard and makes them know they've been skewered by something. Young kids who are too young to get into the bars. Old men who know they can masquerade as young again within the foggy haze provided by the steam.

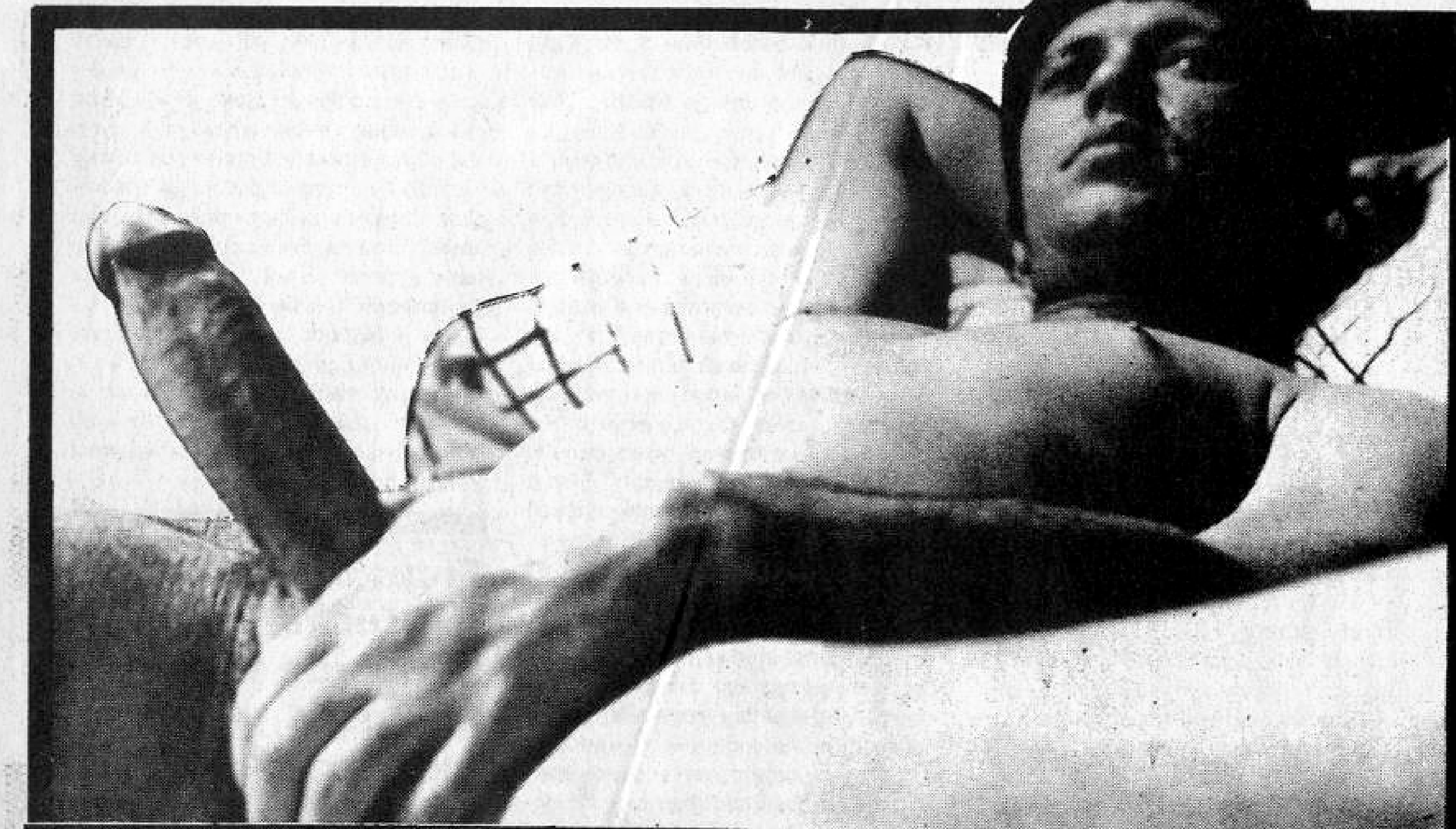
I find it hard to believe that anyone could go to one of the gay baths on a crowded night and come away without having had their rocks off at least once: whether you are an undeniable Adonis who is propositioned openly because of your face, body, cock, and ass, or the ugly old man whose ten-inch cock can still be an object of Priapic worship when the rest of your body is conveniently concealed within the steam.

I personally enjoy the voyeuristic aspects the baths have to offer. I've always been appreciative of the male body, but in the baths those bodies are often visible in the most erotic posturings. I've witnessed sex in the showers, bodies so close that I could reach out and stroke a hard cock while the owner's hard young ass was being fucked. I've seen orgies in the stereo-rooms with simultaneously entwined limbs, mouths over cocks, cocks up asses, hands fisted over hard male truncheons. I've seen group gropings in the whirlpool baths, watching released thick cum bake like egg white in the warm, swirling water. I've sat in mirrored toilets, watching through glory holes as huge pricks turned erect in invitation.

From oral sex to fist fucking, baths run the gamut of gay sex.

I remember the enjoyment I've had by just locking myself in my cubicle and gluing my eye to a peep hole to watch the activities in the next booth. In one instance the hole was almost as big as my head. My next-door neighbor and his partner knew I was watching—how could they have missed knowing? They didn't care. They fucked on the bed for my pleasure, twisted and squirmed to substitute mouths for asses over straining cocks. They stood in front of the hole, jacking off, turning to finger-fuck their own assholes. They went back to fucking each other, back to mutual sucking, all the while going through seductive posturings for my benefit. They moved closer to the hole so that I could have reached out and touched the thickness of one hard cock as it first plowed to its balls up a hungry ass and then up a hungry mouth. I watched the balls of that swallowed cock twist and move with pleasure inside the flaccid bag of its hirsute flesh.

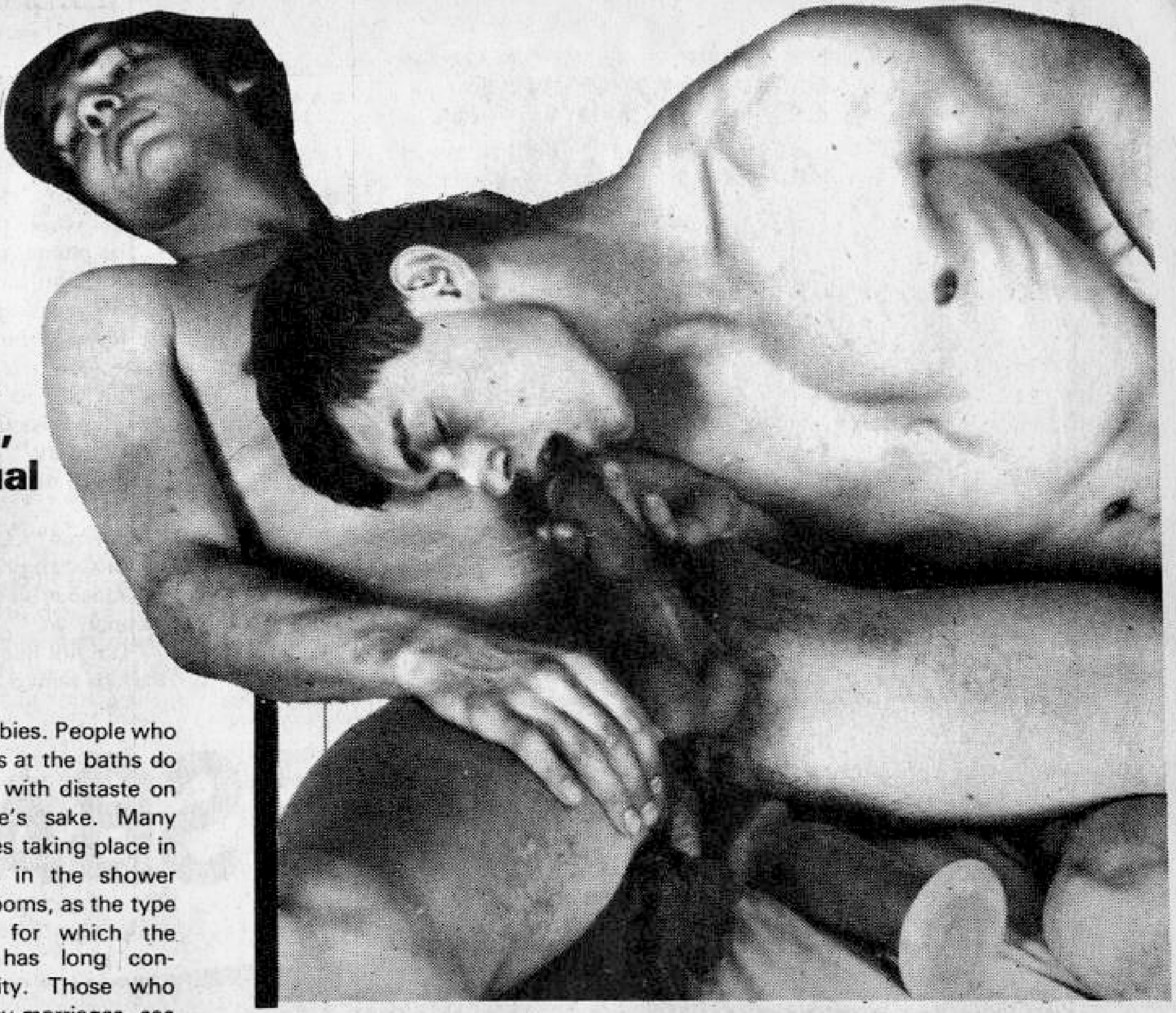
Then suddenly the guy who was being sucked moved his ass into alignment with my hole in the wall, wiggling invitingly and offering me a chance to join in the fun. My hand reached out and touched the revealed butt's hard



muscled flesh, still reluctant to give up my role as voyeur to become an active participant. I didn't hesitate for long. I soon had my cock rammed up that willing ass, feeling the ecstasy of my penis swallowed amid the snugness. On the other side, I could envision the hungry mouth still sucking on the hard muscular cock that jutted from the opposite end of the ass I was fucking.

"Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!" I heard the muted whispers, realizing finally that they came from the wall behind me. I turned my head, seeing the darkness that filled the hole in that wall, knowing that I was being watched. I'd gone from voyeur to exhibitionist in seconds, and I loved it.

In a way, I can see how all of this might frighten some people: those people who can only rationalize their own homosexual desires by giving their bodies to those persons they feel they really love. Their thoughts on sex have evolved no further than that archaic reasoning which says that heterosexual couples should fuck not



Gays find every age, every type, every sexual variation, to choose from at the baths.

for pleasure but for babies. People who condemn the activities at the baths do so because they look with distaste on pleasure for pleasure's sake. Many look upon the activities taking place in the whirlpool baths, in the shower rooms, in the steam rooms, as the type of promiscuousness for which the heterosexual world has long condemned homosexuality. Those who have gay lovers, or gay marriages, see the baths sometimes as a threat, as a verification that heterosexual censure has always been valid. They try to point out to themselves and to others that their own homosexual coupling is just as pure and true as any heterosexual union. However, even heterosexuals are finally coming out of their muddle-headed lethargy and admitting that pleasure for pure pleasure isn't necessarily sinful or undesirable. Witness the popularity of swing clubs and singles bars.

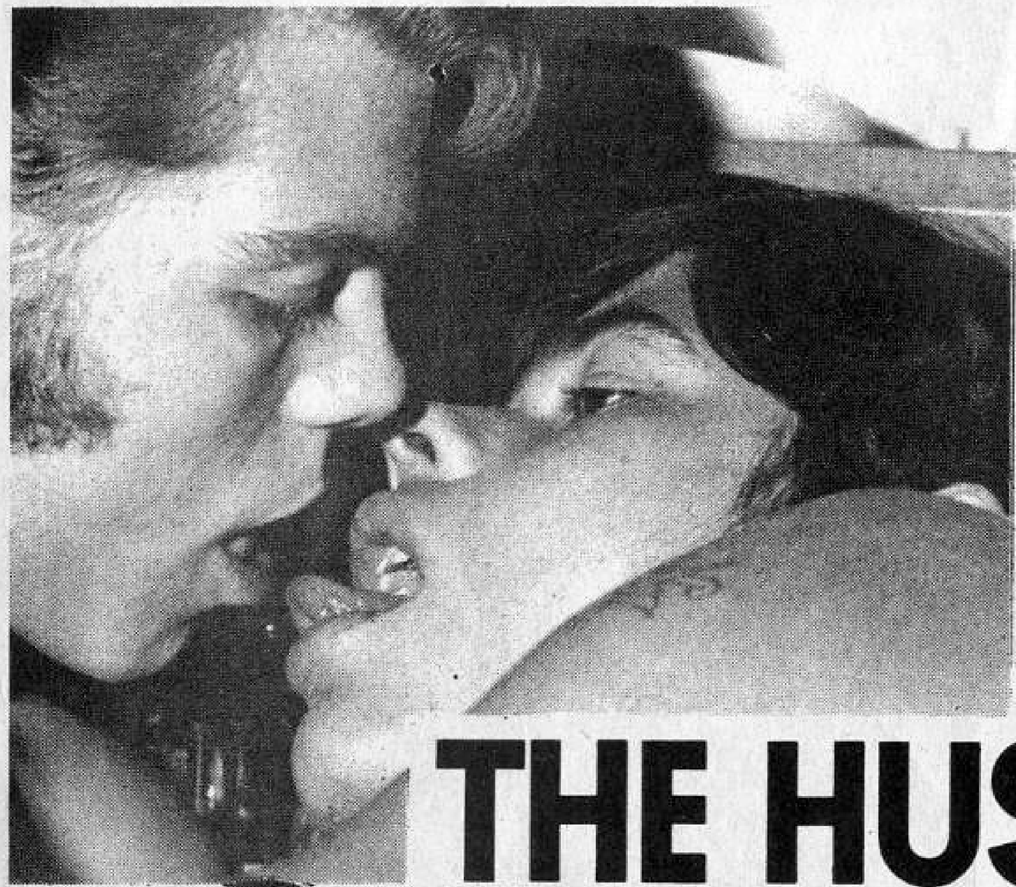
Life is too god-awful short to deprive one's self of the few pleasures that are open to us. It's a decidedly hedonistic standpoint, yes, but then why suffer the pangs of sexual deprivation while waiting for a "Mr. Right" when he might never appear on the scene? With the instability of many heterosexual and homosexual marriages, I'm not even certain there is a perfect pairing for any of us.

Of course, there's always the argument that sex without love is just sex, while sex with love is something totally sublime. All good and well, but what about those who might never be loved because they're too old, or too fat, or too ugly? Are they to spend their lifetimes searching for that divine sublimeness to the detriment of the pleasure they could have achieved while anonymous within the vapors of a steam room? I think anyone who expects them to do so is a damned ass!

What about those who have decided that they're never going to love, that their lives are best without the complications of such emotional entanglements? Who the hell has the right to say that their decision to not have love is any the less desirable than another's desire for it? Are these people, though they be hunky, virile studs with overflowing balls, to be expected by their own gay peers to endure lives of self-enforced restraint? Bullshit!

Most of us have sex drives. Whether we're in love or not, our cocks have a habit of still going rock hard. We're going to still feel the twisting in our guts that demands a sexual release. Now, we can either spend our time jacking off and searching for a lover in our spare time with which to share our mind as well as our body, or we can get our pleasurable release and give pleasure in return—at the baths. I opt for the latter.

Of course there is the other alternative. We can go to the baths for sexual release while still hunting elsewhere for that lover which will make such ordinary love pale by comparison. But then those who look upon the bath scene with distaste will probably point out that once a person has discovered how enjoyable easily obtained sex can be, they will more than likely be seduced by these lower forms and not look for sex on its higher planes. Perhaps so, but you don't really know what you've missed if you've thoroughly enjoyed the time spent missing it, do you?



Thanks for the memories, Gary thought as he dropped the empty tube of K.Y. into the wastepaper basket. How many fucks from a medium sized tube of K.Y.? He put a fresh tube in the drawer where the old one had been.

The phone rang. He glanced at the clock. Eight p.m. Right on time. The phone had rung only twice by the time he rushed from the bedroom to the living room and lifted the receiver.

"Hello." His voice was too breathless, too anxious.

"Hi, Gary," Jimmy's voice spoke, calm and deep from the other end of the line.

"Jimmy!" Gary's tone sounded genuinely surprised. "How's it goin'?" He added in his best off-handed, butch manner.

"Oh, not bad. Kinda dull. Sally and the kids went over to visit her mother."

"Oh."

THE HUSBAND

by Dick Garfield

Life in a small town, especially if you are gay, can be a frustrating experience. But Gary found that even with the frustrations, there were some rewards to be gained.

Gary waited.

"I thought maybe if you weren't busy or anything I might come over for awhile," Jimmy said.

"Oh sure," Gary burst out. "Why don't you?"

"See you in about half an hour," Jimmy said.

Gary's hand shook as he replaced the receiver. Damn it, he thought. Why can't I be cool? With the others I am—but with Jimmy—so awkward. He hates that, I'm sure, my being so shaky and awkward every time he calls. Thank god he gives me at least a half hour to calm down.

He took a warm shower, then a cold one. He glanced at himself in the door mirror as he dried. He didn't have a sensational body, but it was slender and passable. No flab yet around the waist. He slipped his blue robe on over that body. He splashed fresh after-shave lotion onto his face, examining himself carefully, this time in the small mirror on the medicine chest. He was glad he looked several years younger than he actually was. Hardly anyone knew his true age. He was on the other side of thirty, but most people placed him in his mid-twenties.

Hang on to those years a while longer, he thought.

Even Jimmy didn't know. Jimmy was twenty-seven and thought that Gary was younger than he.

Oh god, how much longer til he gets here? he wondered. It seemed at least an hour ago that he'd phoned. One time he'd not come over at all when he said he would. He apologized when he phoned some days later. Sally and the kids had returned home unexpectedly and he hadn't been able to get out after all or even phone.

God, what if that happened this time?

He looked anxiously at the clock. Just eight-twenty. He hadn't had time to get here yet. Just take it easy. He checked the fridge to make sure the tall beer glasses were frosted. He walked back into the living room and fell heavily onto the overstuffed chair. At times like this he regretted having given up smoking.

He shivered. It was a hot evening in July and he was shivering. Maybe the air-conditioner was turned too high. No, he decided. It's just me.

He toyed with his cock, thinking of Jimmy's neat body. Christ, one time he'd been so excited at being with Jimmy he'd had a terrible time getting it up. That mustn't happen again. His meat erected easily as he thought of the contours of ass flesh, the shapely peter, the—Christ, and I wonder sometimes why I stay on in this dreary little valley town? What if I were someplace where I could never expect the phone to ring and to hear Jimmy's voice on the other end of the line. What if—?

Christ, what if he doesn't show up? It's eight-thirty and—anxiety wilted his hard-on. The phone rang. He sprang to his feet. Oh no, he can't be phoning to tell me he—

"Gary?"

He didn't recognize the voice that answered his tense, "Hello."

"This is Al, Gary. You in the mood for some fun?"

"Oh hi, Al. Say I can't tonight . . . place is full of relatives. How 'bout giving me a call later in the week, okay?"

"Okay, sure." The tone was clearly disappointed.

Al, the burly truck driver, hung like a horse, fun to do and he wasn't just trade. Loved to have his big, muscular, smooth ass fucked. Gary had met him several years ago at that truck stop on the edge of town. The place was torn down now. Amazing how long he held onto tricks. He'd known Al at least four years and some of the others he'd met at the park—Joe, Keith, and so many more—known them five, six, seven years. They still came over every week or two.

He hadn't met Jimmy at the park. He had Bob to thank for having met Jimmy. Bob was leaving town, moving to New York, and he knew this cute guy who, like Al, was a truck driver. Would Gary mind if he gave this cute guy his phone number? The cute guy was Jimmy.

Gary was shivering again. He pulled the robe tighter around him. The robe was a Christmas present from his favorite aunt. No lover had ever given him a present. He reflected on this without self-pity. I don't really have lovers, he thought. I have tricks. His relationship with Jimmy was hardly romantic. But how many guys, searching hours at night in some frantic city, how many guys would find on that search anyone to equal Jimmy?

Several times he had been on the verge of accepting a transfer to San Francisco or L.A. He worked as a controller for a big chain store. But each time he couldn't bring himself to go through with it.

Oh god, Jimmy's late. It's twenty minutes til nine. The ringing of the phone caused him to jump to his feet again, his pulse racing.

"Hello," he said in a dry, cracked voice.

"Gary? You sound like you have a cold."

"Oh," Gary cleared his throat. "Hello Jerry."

Jerry, not a sex partner, maybe his best friend. They discussed movies, books, plays and their sex lives all with equal passion. But Gary had never mentioned that he even knew anyone named Jimmy.

"Am I interrupting anything?" Jerry asked.

"No," Gary said, his voice hollow. He isn't coming, he thought. Jimmy isn't coming—like that other time.

"Listen, I made a new conquest today," Jerry said.

"Oh?"

"You know that cute blond who drives the green pick-up?"

"Ummm."

"Shows up at the park all the time without his shirt, terrific bod."

"Oh yeah."

"Well, this afternoon—"

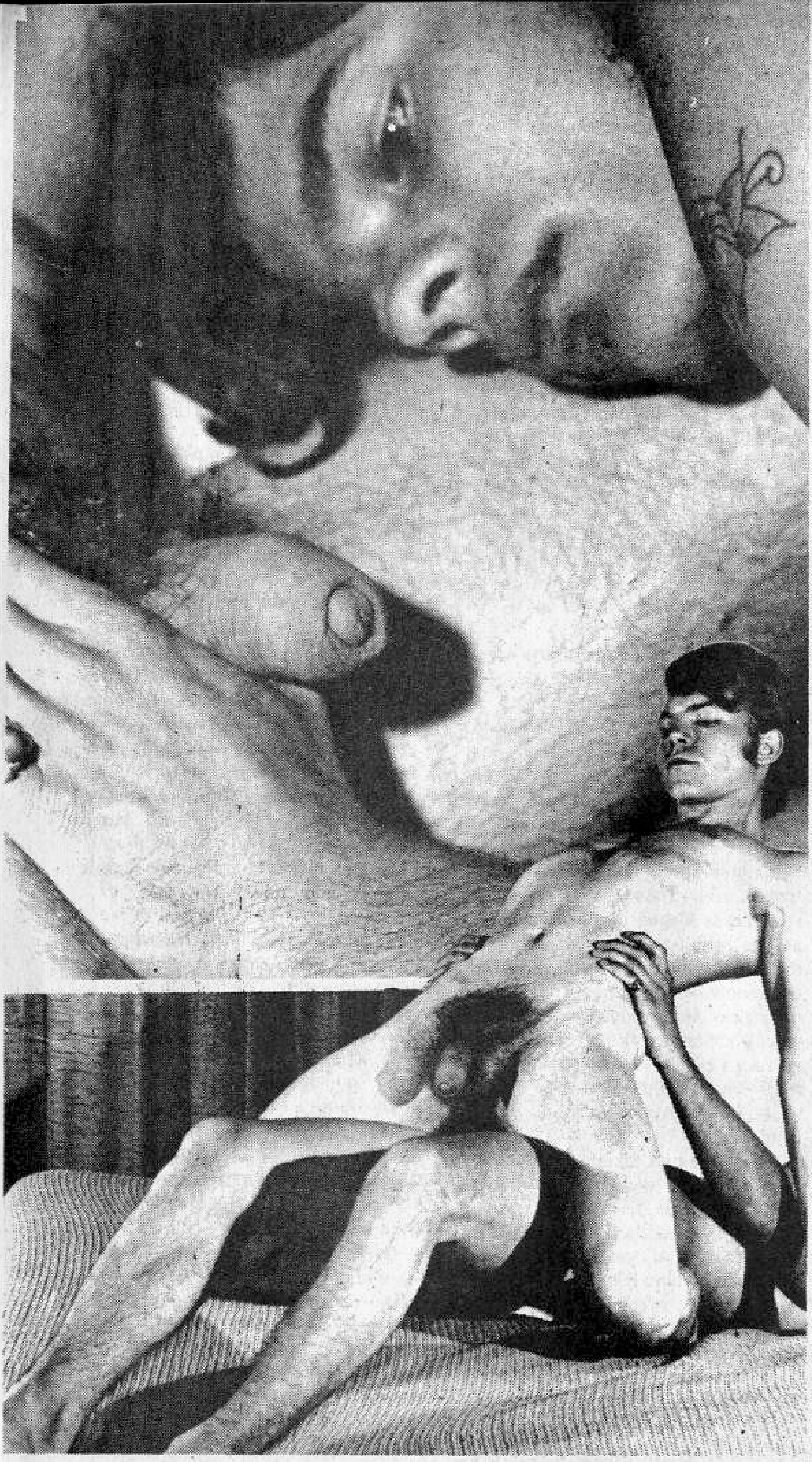
The doorbell. Gary nearly dropped the phone.

"Jerry, there's somebody at the door," he said, throat tight.

"Yes, I heard. I expect a full report. Tomorrow."

Gary took a deep breath before answering the door. Yes, it was Jimmy. Gary noted again that he looked especially attractive with the Fu Manchu mustache he had recently grown. He wore a snow white T-shirt, faded blue jeans, sandals.

Gary was surprised that he felt suddenly calm and greeted Jimmy warmly but smoothly. Jimmy sat in the overstuffed chair. They quickly exhausted the subject of the weather. Gary went into the kitchen for beer. Jimmy kicked



off his sandals. He stretched his legs out comfortably, looking as if he belonged here.

Gary sat across from him in a straight-backed chair, regretting having to spend any of their precious time together in small talk. But it seemed to be a necessary preamble for Jimmy. He sipped the beer slowly from the tall frosted glass. He spoke of his job. Got kind of tired of trucking sometimes, wondered if it was any kind of job for a married man. But then he ought to be glad to have such a good job, good pay. Sally'd be glad when the kids got started back to school—he had a son and a daughter. They didn't want any more kids, two was enough. They'd all be going up to the mountains next week for a few days. The kids would love that.

They drained the last of the beer from the glasses. Gary asked Jimmy if he'd like another one.

"No thanks, I'd like to use your bathroom though," Jimmy answered.

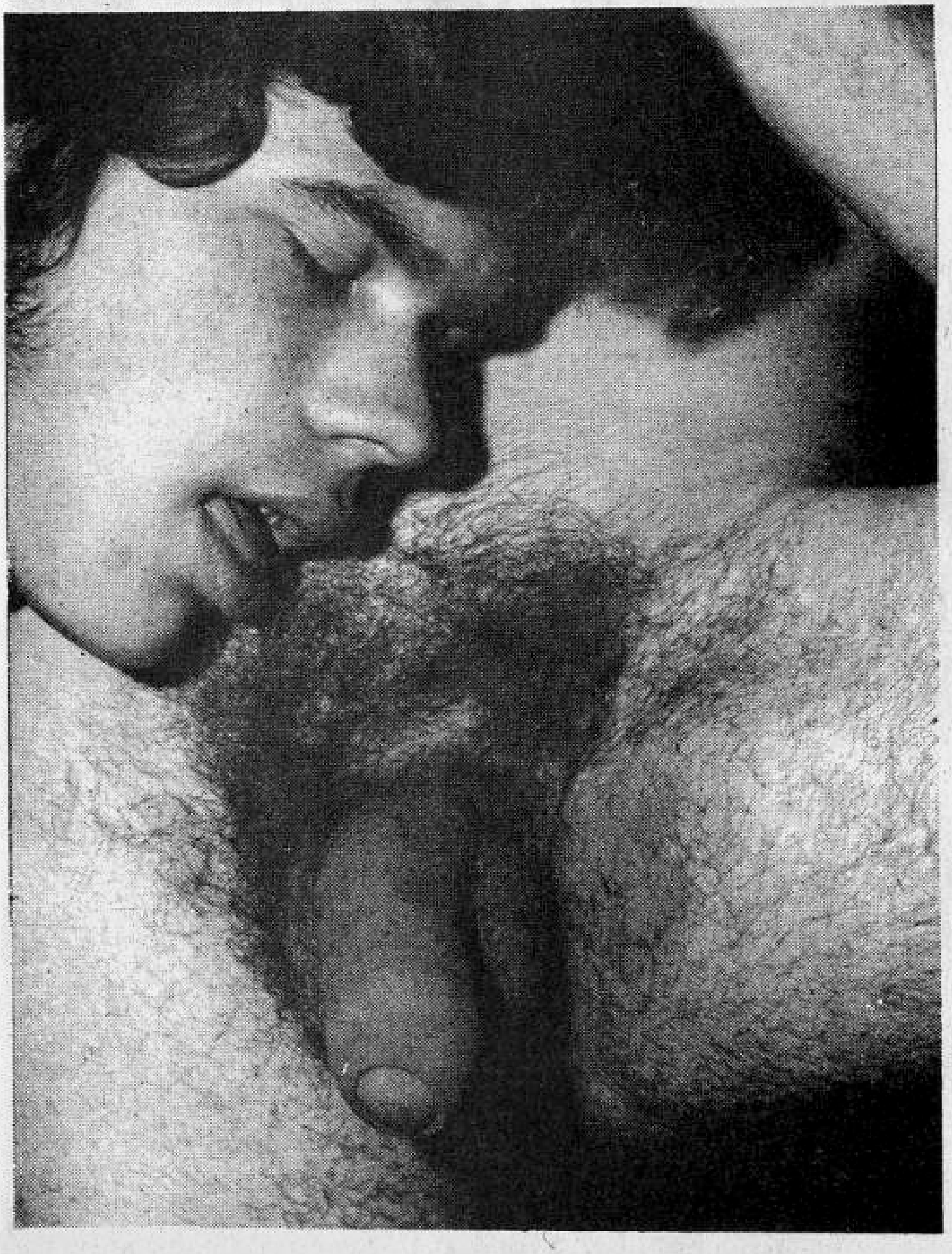
"Sure."

The bathroom joined the bedroom. Gary watched as Jimmy walked towards the bedroom door. The faded jeans fit snugly, but not tightly, to the rounded buttocks. Jimmy was not tall, not quite five foot eight. But he kept his body trim, his muscles taut, by home work-outs with weights.

Gary waited, wishing again he had a cigarette to smoke. He took another deep breath. He toyed with his cock and discovered it erected quickly. When he decided he had waited the appropriate time he got up and walked slowly toward the bedroom.

Jimmy was naked on the bed. He lay with his head propped high on the two thickly stuffed pillows. His cock was semi-hard, shapely, average-sized. Gary's eyes feasted on the well-knit body, the muscular legs spread wide.

Jimmy was one of the rewards that small town life had brought to our young hero.



"Hi, Gary," Jimmy said, as if he had just arrived.

His voice was soft, almost tender now.

Gary was newly awed by the handsomeness of the young husband's face. Realistically he appraised himself as ordinary at best. Yet here he was, about to couple with this attractive, virile, well-built man who was so exceptionally desirable by nearly anyone's standards—woman, gay guy or bisexual. Again he blessed Bob for having made Jimmy a part of his life.

"Ummm, that looks nice," Gary said, removing his robe, keeping his eyes riveted on Jimmy.

Their bodies met, pressed tight against one another, Gary's smooth chest against Jimmy's. Their lips brushed. They never deep-kissed. Gary busied his lips and tongue elsewhere, tongue sliding down the side of Jimmy's neck, down the center of his chest, flicking lightly along the length of cock that was hard now, caressing the ball sacs, darting beneath the scrotum, digging into the searched-for target.

"Oh Jesus, wild!" Jimmy gasped as Gary's tongue swirled around the puckered anus.

Easily Gary rolled Jimmy onto his stomach. Dexterously Jimmy quickly stuffed one of the thick pillows beneath his middle. Gary worked his tongue up and down the crack between the cheeks and into the hole that had been so cleanly prepared for what Gary was doing now and was about to do. Everything worked out in their minds in advance, yet nothing mechanical-seeming about their love making. Gary, lifting the ass up higher to tongue and listening to the soft music of Jimmy's moan. Then he accepted the tube of K.Y. Jimmy urged on him, the fresh tube Gary had placed in the bedside table drawer an hour or so earlier.

"Ummm," Jimmy muttered contentedly. "You can do that as long as you want to."

Gary stroked and squeezed some more before he carefully guided a grease-covered finger into the anus, tight ass-flesh slowly yielding.

"Ummm, Gary," Jimmy muttered, rolling his narrow hips.

Gary withdrew his finger as carefully as he had inserted it. Jimmy lifted his buttocks slightly. Gary slid his cock in cautiously, feeling the warm vibrations of tight ass-flesh surrounding his meat. When he had pushed in to the balls Jimmy gave a heavy sigh, letting his body go lax as Gary clutched his hips and began the kind of slow easy fuck both of them relished. Gary, pausing every few moments, holding back, admiring the muscular backside of the young husband, quickening then slowing his pace. Jimmy whispered his name, "Oh, Gary!" His tone was endearing, though he didn't whisper endearments.

Then Gary, regretting, but knowing that his climax could not be held up much longer, grasped Jimmy's hips tighter, Jimmy whispering intensely, "Yes!" And Gary fucked those final hip-clutching moments hard, thighs slapping against ass-flesh, guttural moans blended Then the burning moment of spewing cum. Gary exhaled loudly, fell across the broad, slightly sweaty back.

Jimmy did not move until Gary's cock, softening slowly, slipped free.

"Whew!" Jimmy said then. "Be back in a minute."

He went into the bathroom. Gary lay on his back, a little tired, extremely content. Jimmy returned and lay close. Gary toyed with his lover's cock, got his head down between Jimmy's legs, kissed the cockhead, licked away drippings that clung to the slit.

"Rest awhile first if you'd rather," Jimmy said, his voice dreamy.

Gary didn't need rest. But he wanted to prolong this as long as possible. He lay his head on Jimmy's flat, hard stomach.

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"Sure, that's okay."

Although there were other men, it was Jimmy who kept Gary from leaving for a larger more exciting city.

They were quiet a moment.

"Say, I've been meaning to ask you, do you ever hear from Bob?" Jimmy asked.

Gary tensed. Bob was so attractive, and so hung. It occurred to him that he was a poor substitute.

"We exchange Christmas cards," Gary answered. "He's still in New York.

"Whatta life. I wonder sometimes what I'm doing, this dusty, dirty little town, that crummy job." Jimmy's tone was uncharacteristically bitter.

"Bob told me how you two met at the 'Y'," Gary said. "He sure is a handsome guy."

"Oh yeah? Is he? Well, I guess so. I don't notice that about guys so much, whether they're nice looking or not. I guess I care more about how they—"

"How they make you feel?" Gary asked happily.

"Yeah," Jimmy laughed.

Gary's mouth surrounded Jimmy's cock and made it feel real good.

He watched Jimmy dress, thinking that maybe just a few perfect moments, occasionally, was all it took to make life worthwhile.

At the door Jimmy said, "I won't be able to make it next week. Like I said, we'll be going up to the mountains."

Gary's heart sank.

"Week after next then," he said, trying not to show his disappointment.

"We'll see," Jimmy said.

Gary couldn't let go, not quite yet.

"Would a quick good-by kiss be against your masculine principles?" he asked.

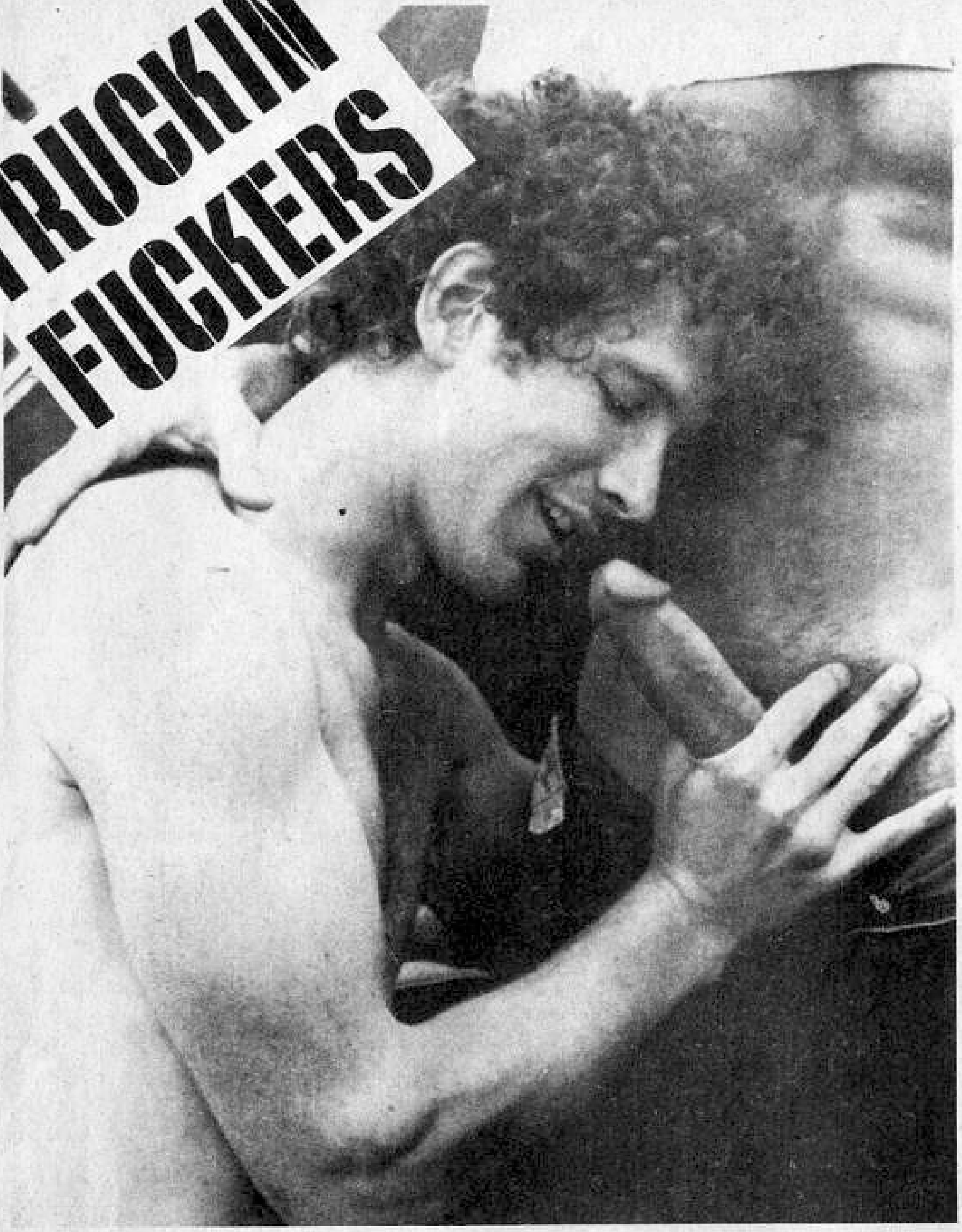
Jimmy looked at him in surprise. Then laughed.

"Of course not," he said.

The kiss was brief, perfunctory on Jimmy's part. Then Gary was alone. He stared at the closed door. But he'll be back, Gary thought. Not next week, but the one after that. "We'll see," Jimmy had said. But he'll be back, Gary thought confidently. And we'll have those perfect moments together again.

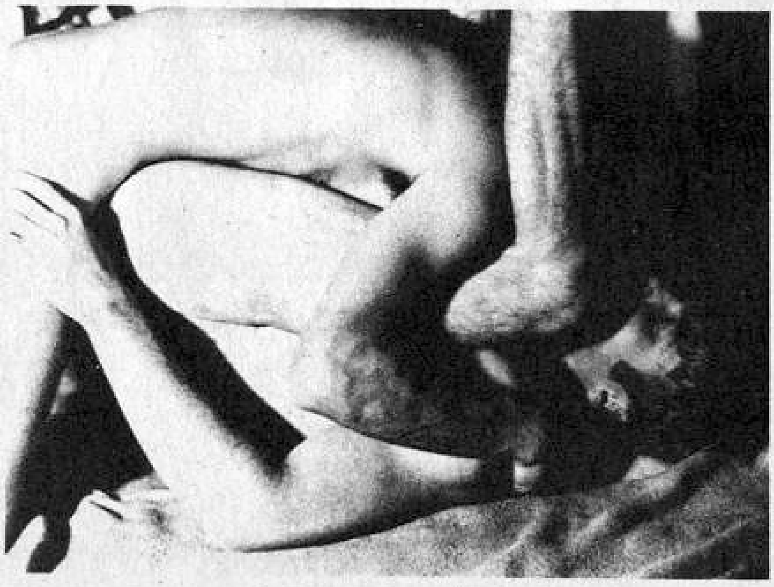
For hadn't it been the way it had been tonight, nearly every Thursday when Sally and the kids visited her mother? Every Thursday now—for the last five years! ●

TRUCKIN' FUCKERS

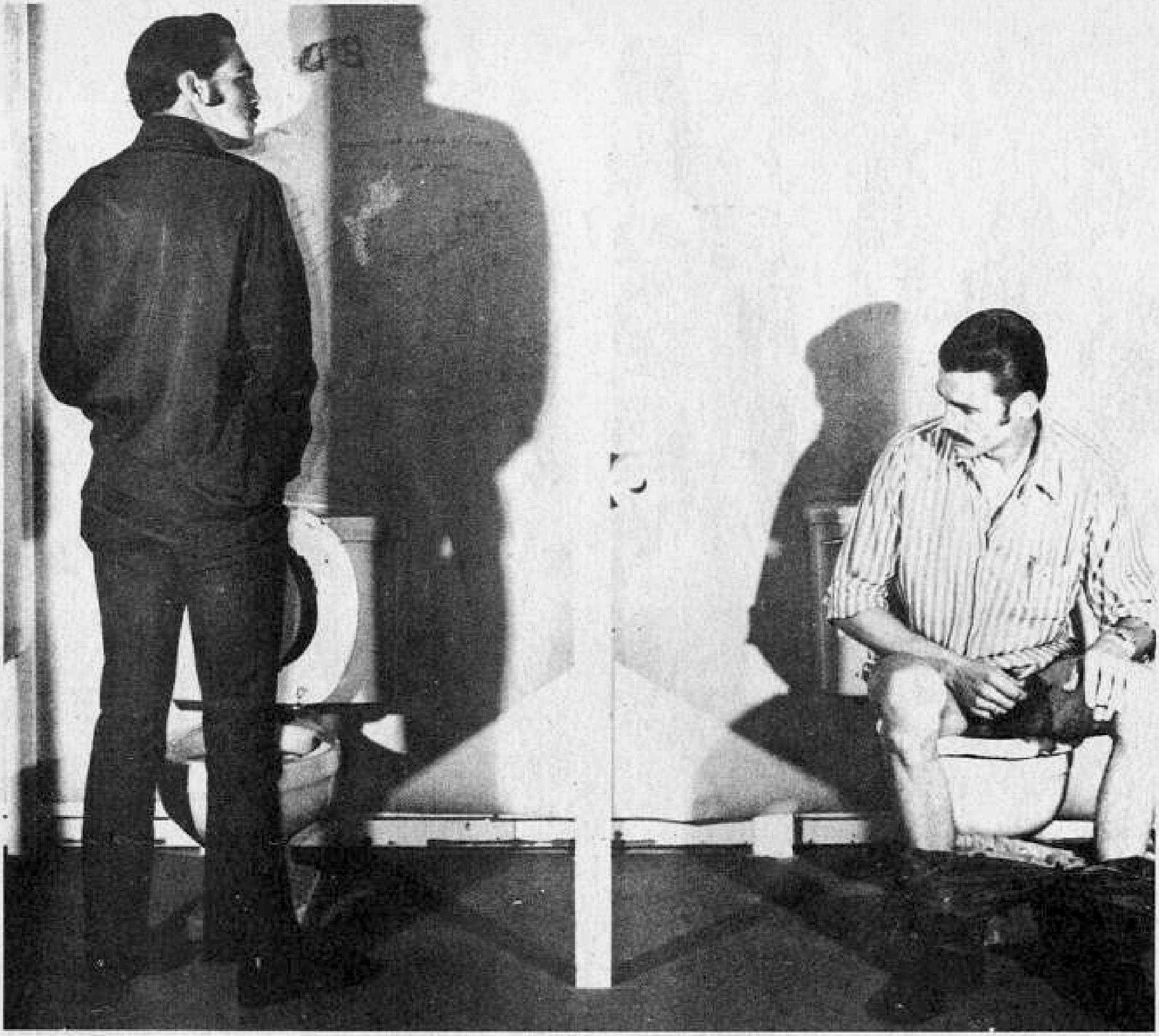


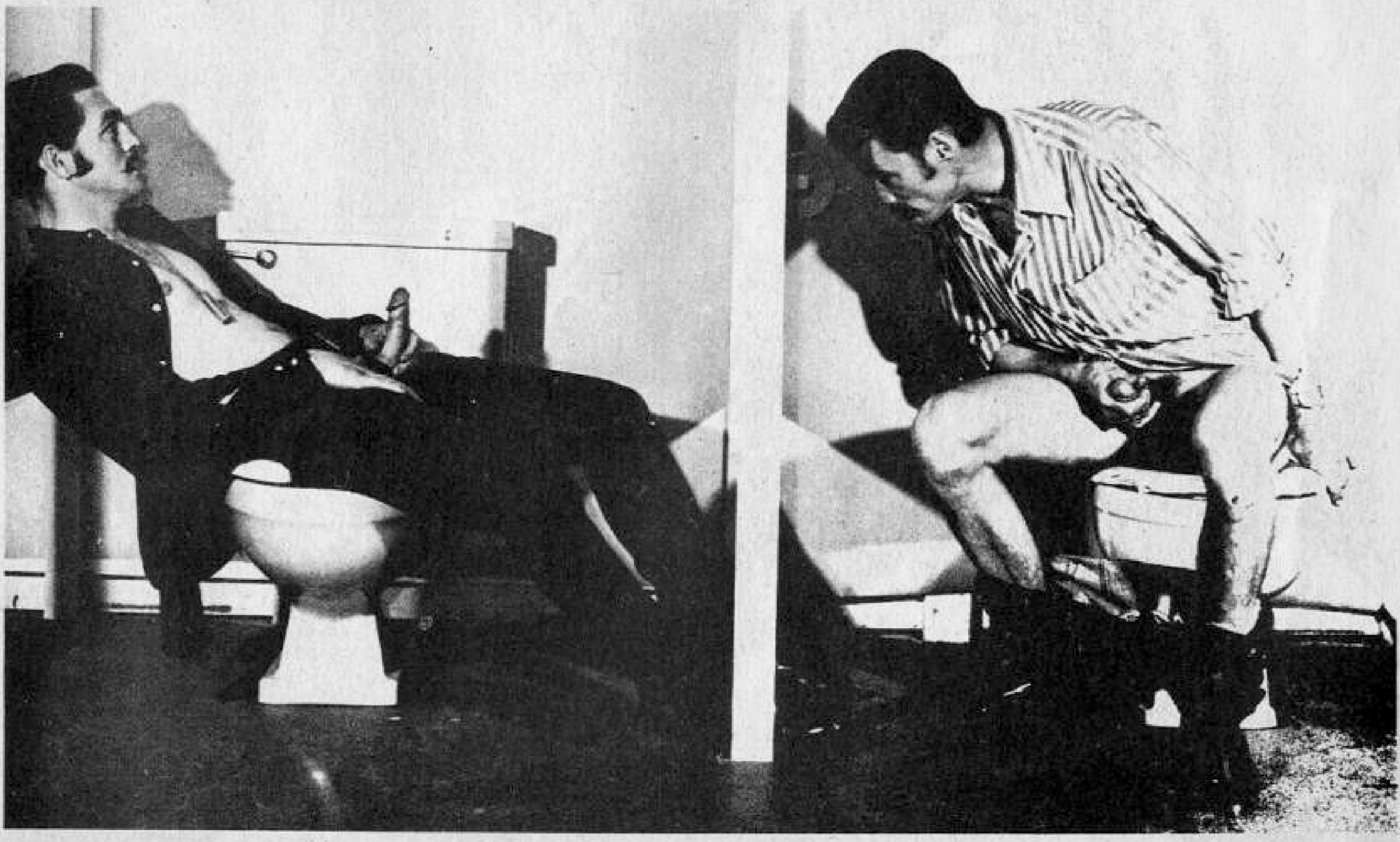
Those hot-assed little fuckers are always standing by the road with their fucking thumbs stuck out, hitching a ride. In spite of the decal on the window declaring "NO RIDERS!!", those big rigs always roar up to a screeching halt, especially if the punk with his thumb in the air has a tight pair of buns or a fuckable mouth. It doesn't take a lot of persuasion to get them going, especially if the truck is out in the middle of nowhere. Before long two hot cocks are hard under tight pants . . . before long those same thick, stiff pricks are out and being jacked-off. All it takes is a little dirty talk or sometimes a few hot pictures of fucking and sucking, along with the old question about ". . . fooling around with one of your buddies!", and before long that trucker is feeding the kid every inch of hard, hot cock he can handle. They even might get so turned-on that they go for some hard, hot, rough ass-fucking. BUT, be sure that fucking horny trucker is going to get his aching, screaming nuts blasted one way or the other! . . . especially when there's some hot young stud . . . out there somewhere . . . hitchhiking . . . and there *always* will be!!

TAILGATIN' BUDDIES

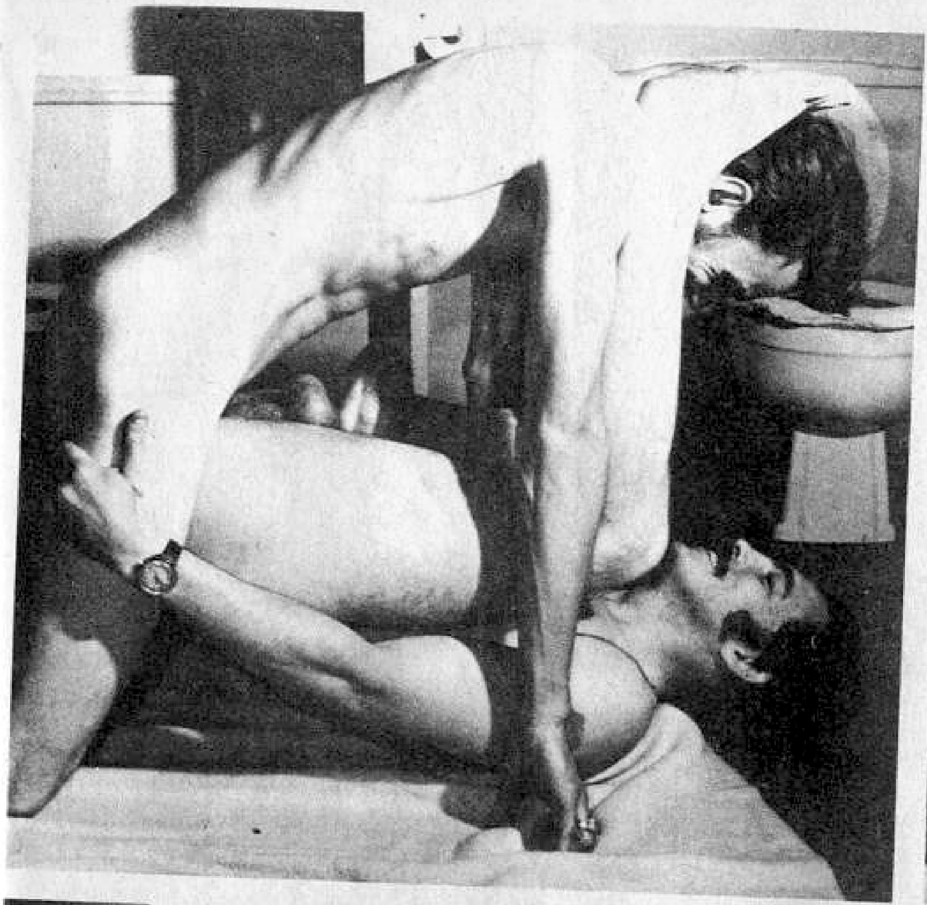


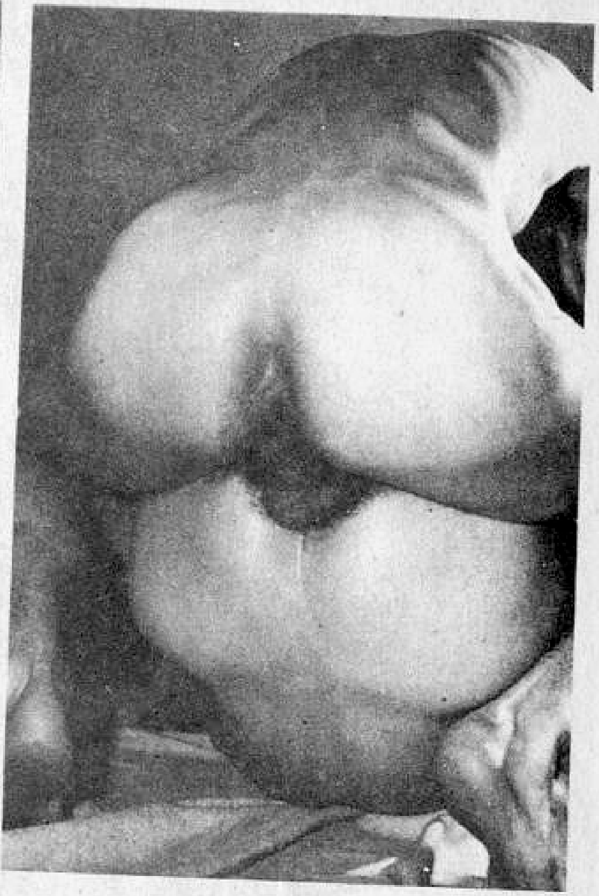
HARD TRUCKIN' BUTT PLUGERS

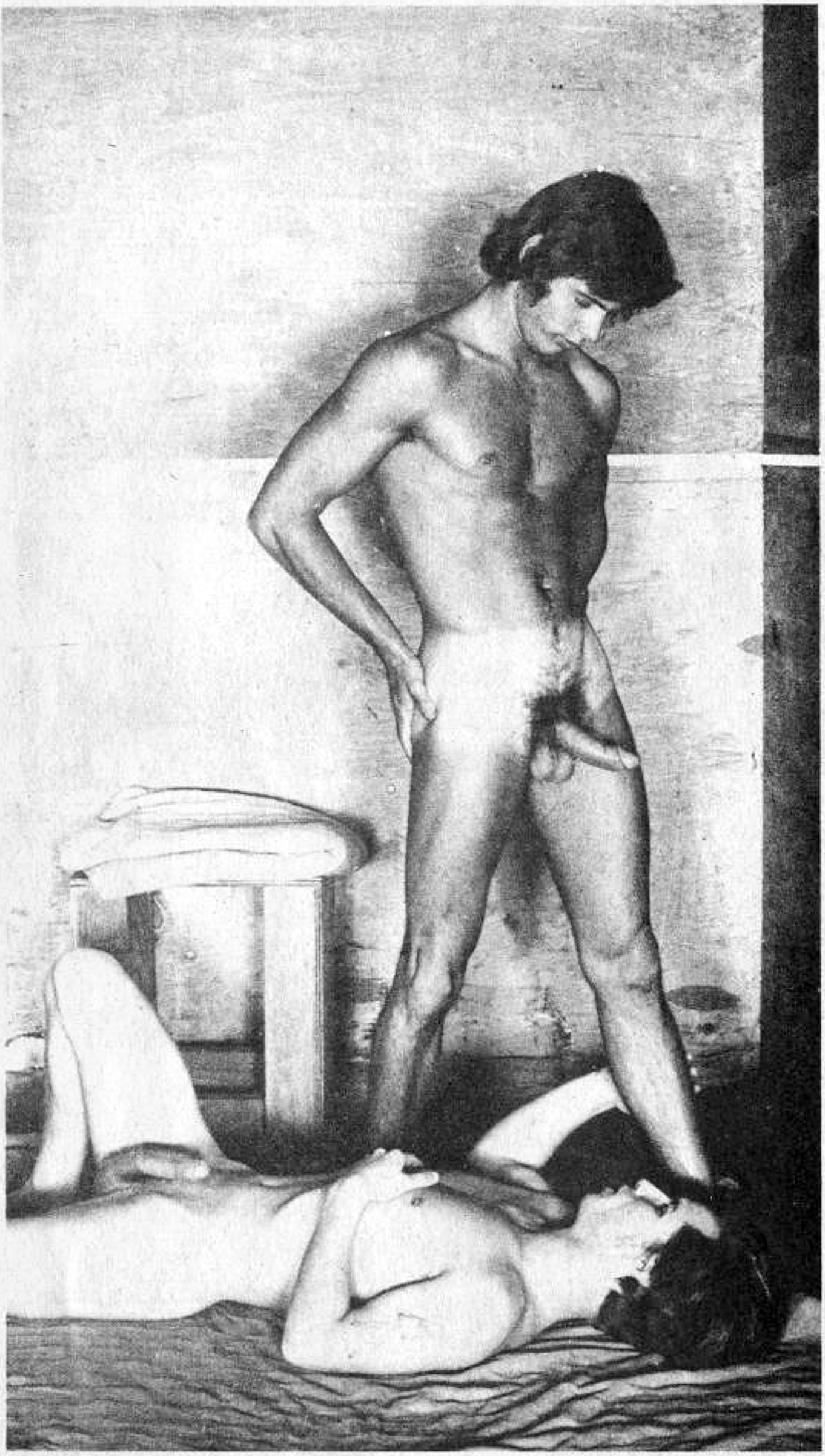




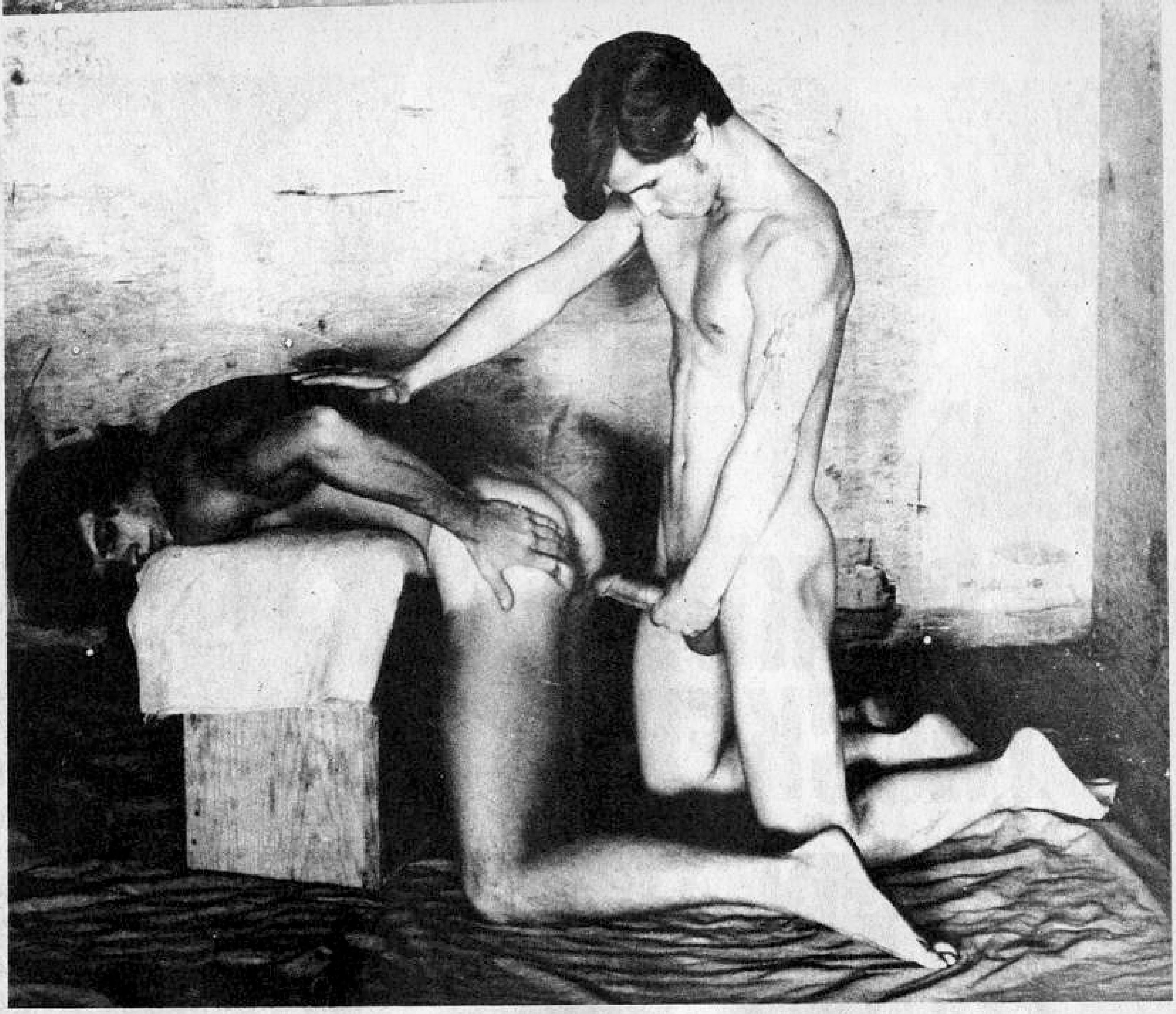
PLOW MY ASS

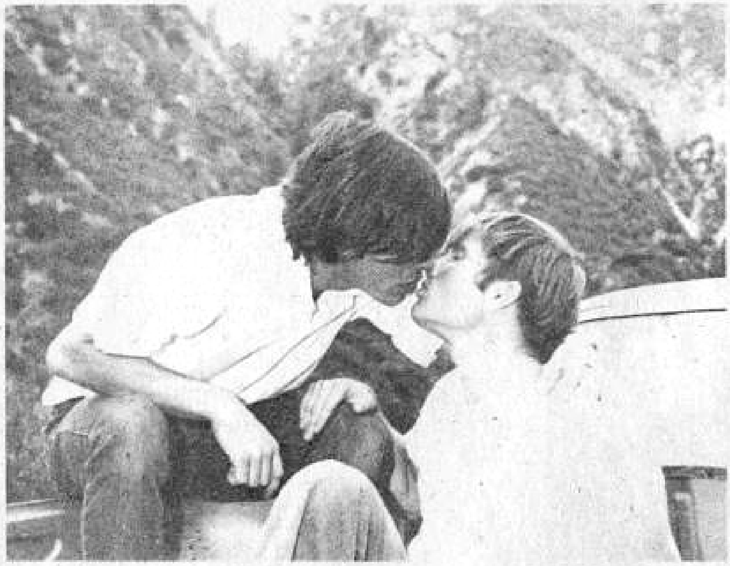






SUCK IT!...
BLAST MY NUTS!!

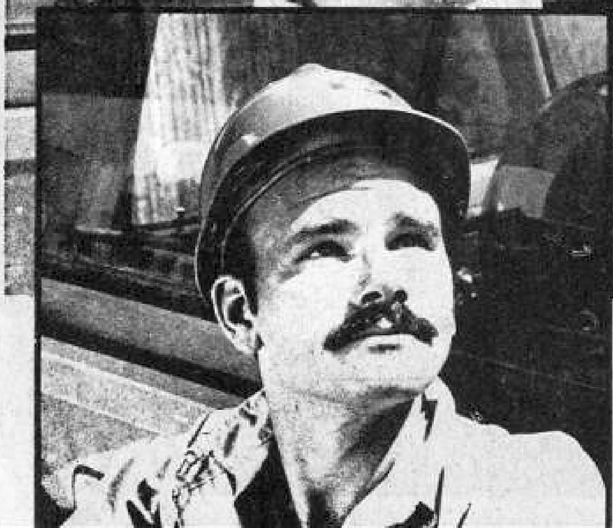




PICKUP TRUCKERS

DICK LICKIN'

HEAVY TRUCKIN'



HARD HATS

Truck stop! That is the one thought all truckers hold, almost as if they can't wait until it's time for that all-important rest break.

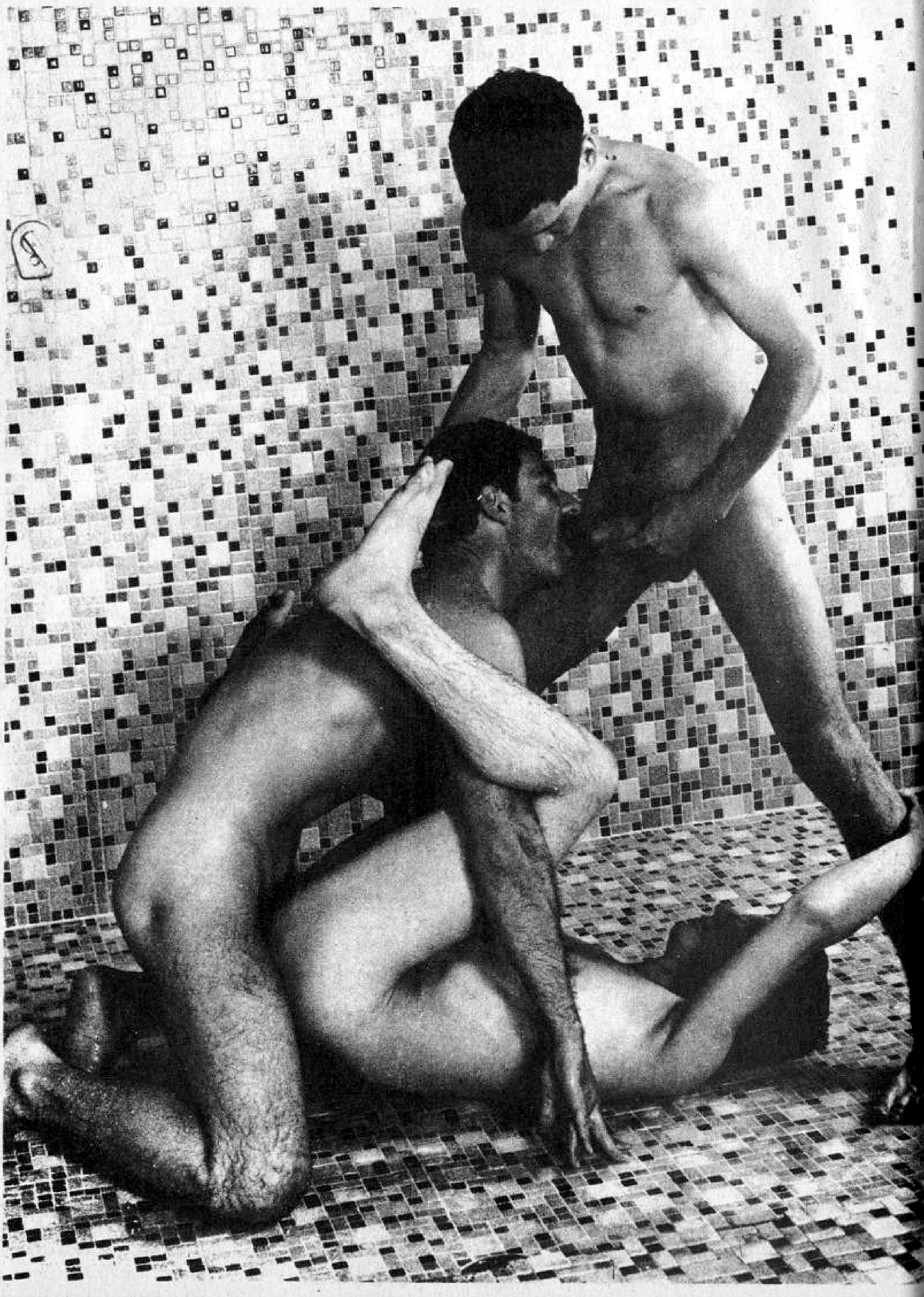
For all of them, it isn't exactly a place to rest. In addition to the throat-scalding coffee and quickly prepared, too-greasy food, each driver also knows all of these rest places has a men's room.

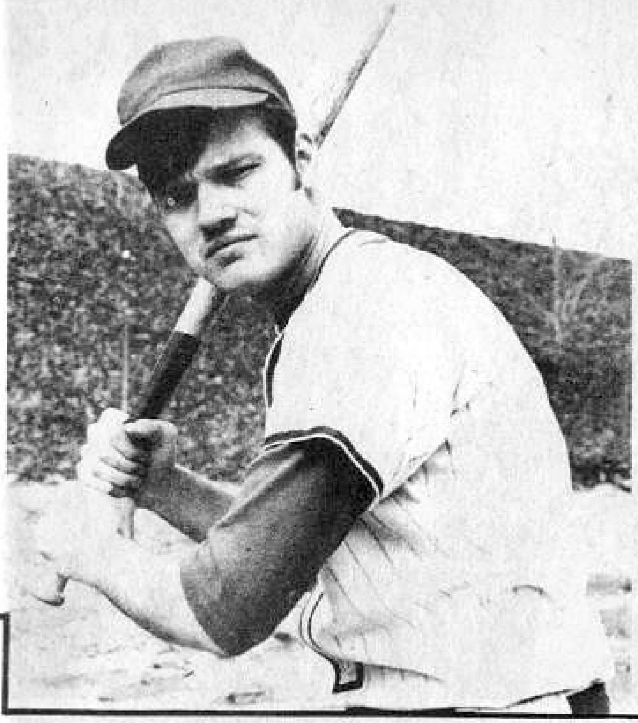
For many of the drivers, this is only a place to cut loose a stream of hot piss built up by that bouncing ride down the long highway. For most it means a lot more than that.

For those drivers a men's room also means a hole between the booths and a hot mouth to suck out a load from aching nuts. The action in those booths is heavier than the others. Long lines are not unusual in front of them.

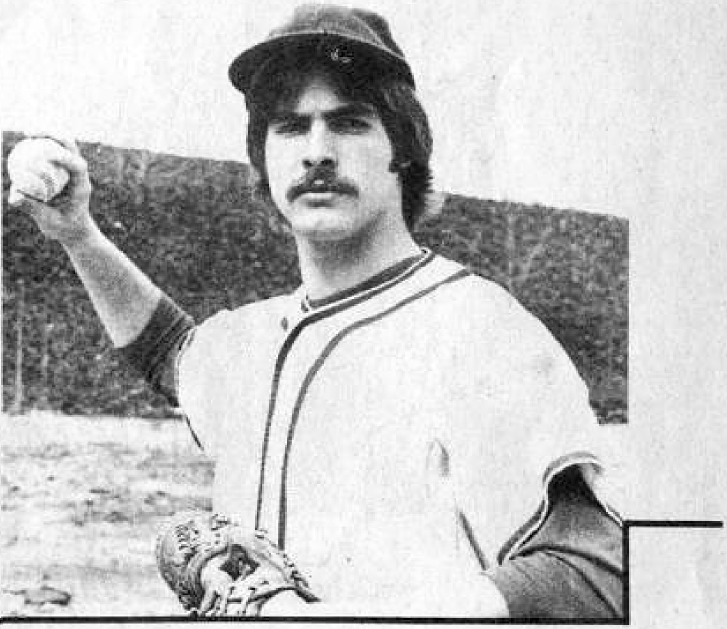
SAVE WATER SHOWER WITH A BUDDY

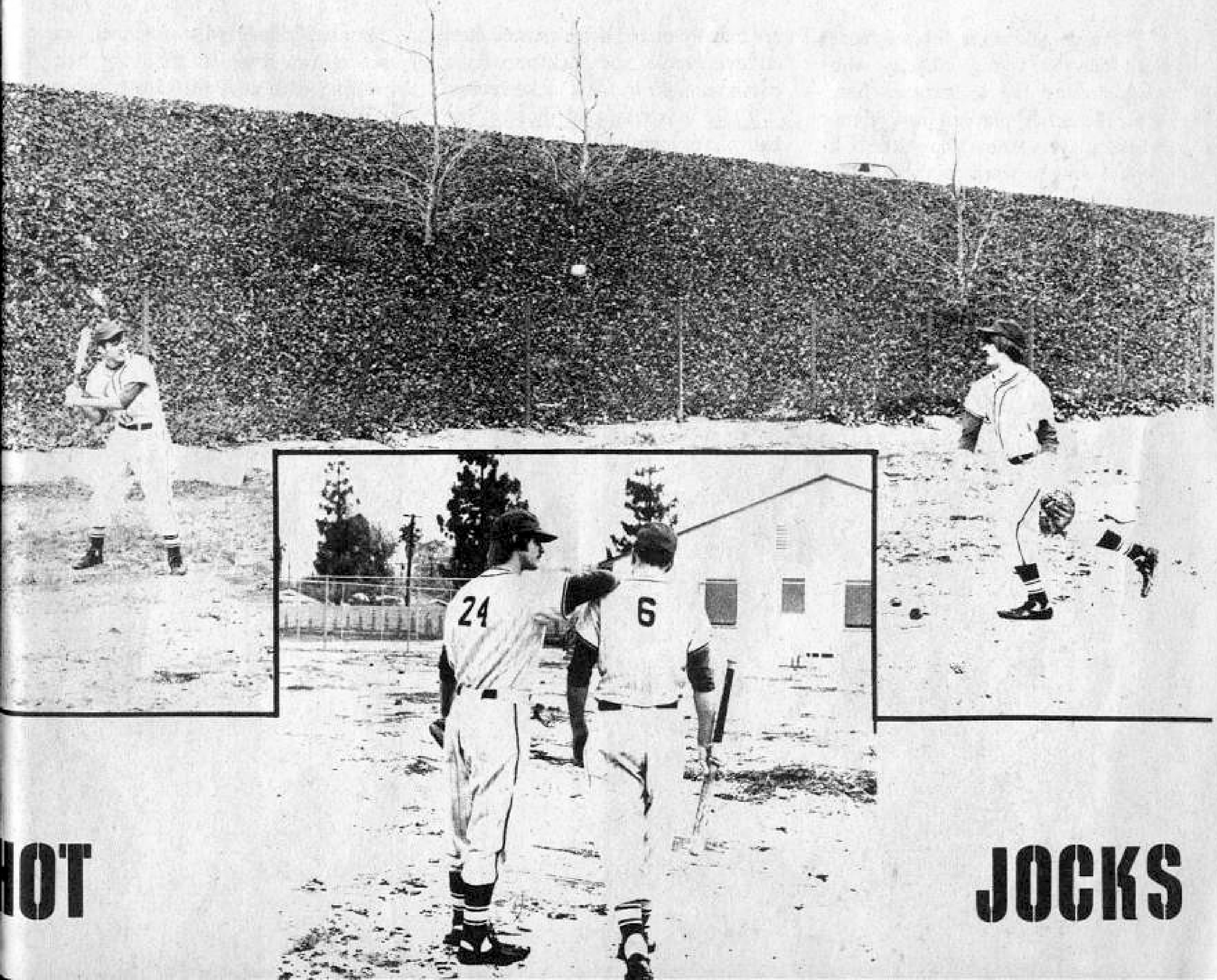
Cock harder than a fucking rock . . . not one son-of-a-bitch hitchin' on the road who'd take a trucker's load . . . so . . . a quick shower in the communal shower with the other truckers and it's off the hard bunks in the big sleeping room to work the load out of that hard trucker cock by hand. The firm, muscular bodies of the other truckers turn under the hot showers . . . cocks start to twitch to life . . . they all had the same problem. One young stud, not used to having such a big cumload built up in his aching, screaming nuts for such a long time can't take it anymore. His prick is at full, stiff throttle. He grabs it in his fist and starts to work it rapidly back and forth, groaning. The big, burly trucker next to him grunts and grabs his own rapidly stiffening prick too. Before long all the studs in the big shower room are jacking-off as fast as they can. It gets hotter—the steam covers the head of one young dude as he is forced to the floor, his buddy shoving a big, dripping prick in his face, begging him to suck it . . . he *does!* Soon the stud truckers are taking care of each other just like all the cocksucking, ass-fucking guys that meet out on the road! More diesel jockeys come in the big shower room and before long it is one, long, hard-cocked, ball-busting, cum-spurting, *TRUCKER orgy!!*



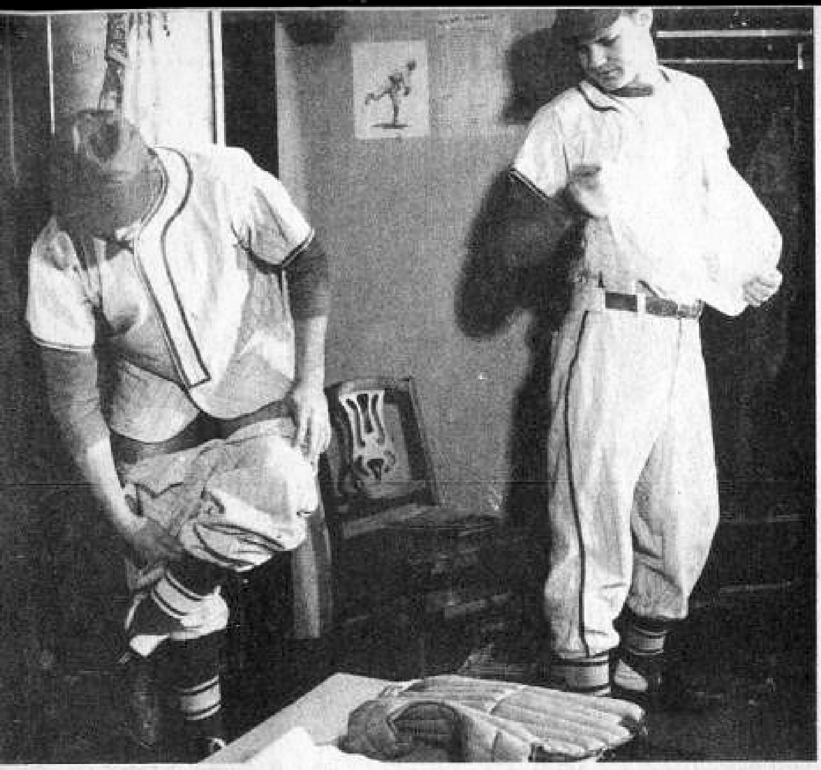


LOCKERROOM





HOT JOCKS



There are always a few of those hard-muscled young athletes who hang around the lockerroom late, after the other players have gone. These players know that this is a perfect time to work on their huge, straining pricks . . . working out a load of hot cum.

The smell of man cum is as common in most lockerrooms as the smell of sweaty socks and well-used jockstraps. In fact all those smells are usually mixed since crusted cum all over socks and jockstraps is a common sight in most lockerrooms.

While it is true that most of the ball players work out their own hot loads of fuck juice by hand, it isn't uncommon to find a couple of good buddies who have discovered it feels twice as good when someone else's hand is doing the fist work. So, a lot of the young guys who used to wait for the gym and the showers to be completely deserted to start their sex action, now find they are doing their waiting with another team member . . . their jack-off buddy!!

They don't wait for anything. As soon as the coast is clear, straining cocks spring out of tight, nut-containing jocks, and hands grasp and grope. Before long both sets of hands are busy with the cock and balls of the other guy, bringing him closer and closer to a hot, nut-

LAST PLAYER OUT TURN OFF LIGHTS

LAST
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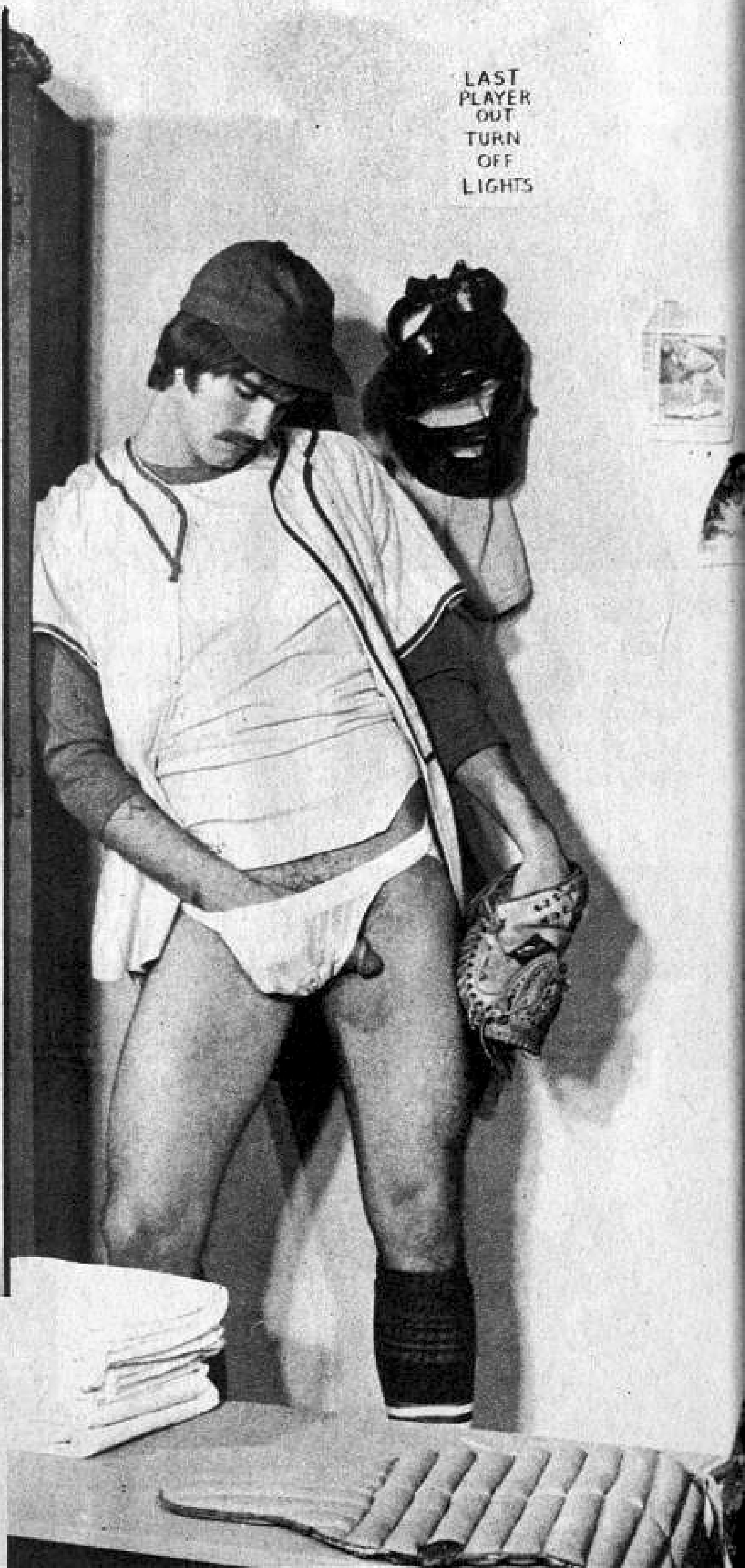
shattering climax.

Most of the guys are content just to jack each other off, but a few of them get so carried away they want more than a fist around their hot, hard pricks. It soon becomes, “Hey . . . man . . . I’ll . . . uhhh . . . suck yours a little bit . . . if you’ll suck on mine too. . . .”

Then the hot, hard, heavy locker-room action really starts. Hot young mouths seek and find huge stiff pricks . . . then suck them all the way down eager throats. Now there


LAST
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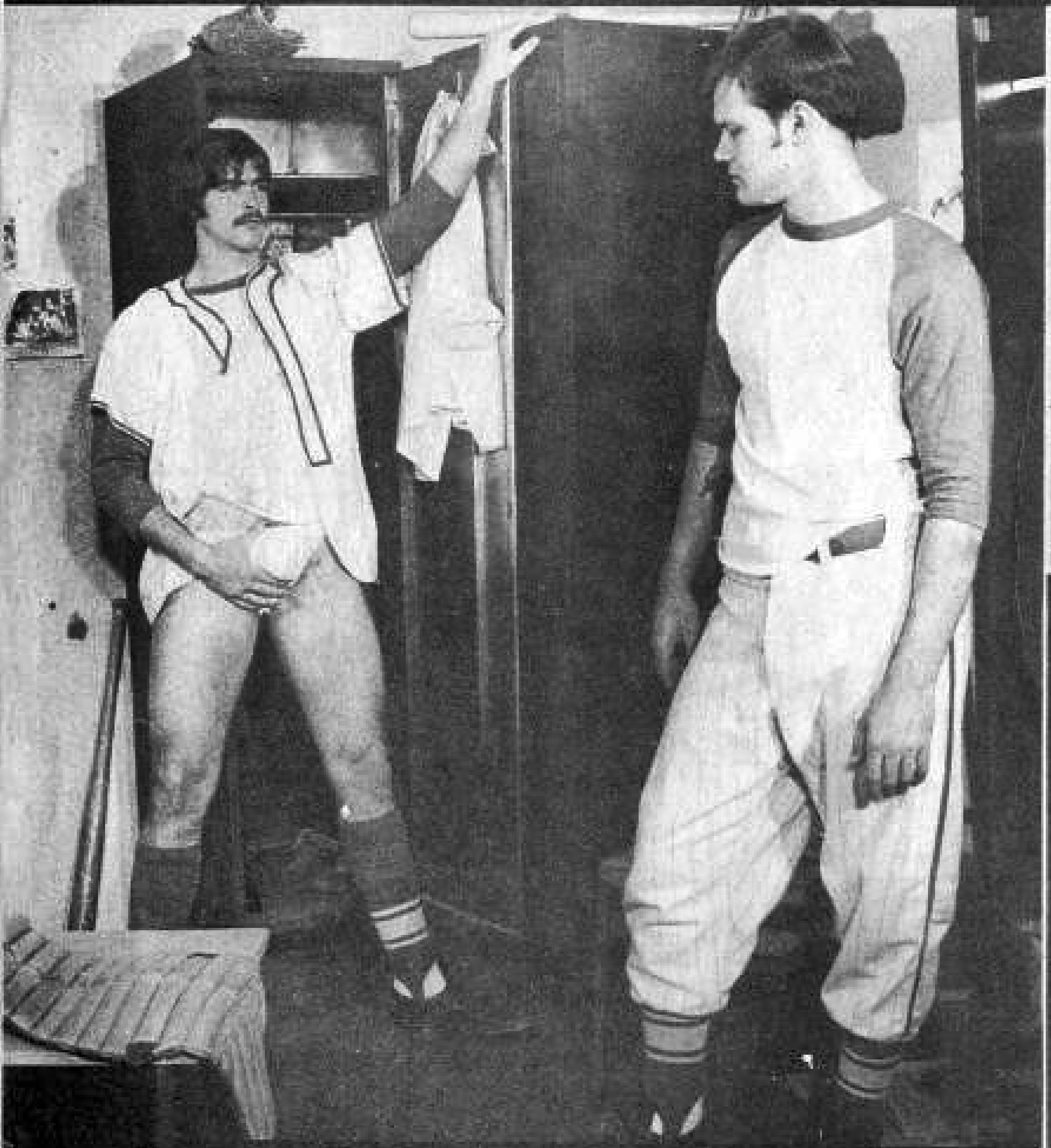
is no worry about the smell of freshly shot cum, it is drunk down those fast-sucking young throats!!

That mouth action is soon joined by some ass-fucking action with,



"Hey . . . why don't you just let me touch it to your asshole . . . just push it in a little bit . . . I won't do it until it hurts . . . if it does I'll take it out. . . ."

That soon becomes hot grunts and moans of rapidly approaching cum explosions and the scream of the guy getting his butt plugged to be fucked even harder and faster!

More and more, those hot scenes are repeated over and over by hot-cocked young athletes all over the country . . . horny young guys not afraid of their buddies' hard pricks!!

LAST
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